Rosemary

nineteen fifteen

SULLINS

EX LIBRIS

THE ROSEMARY
'15

BENSON
PRINTING
COMPANY
NASHVILLE

The Rosemary

A year book

Volume

T.

Beryl Louise Little

WITH HEARTS FULL OF LOVE
AND GRATITUDE, FOR
HERSELF, WE
DEDICATE
OUR

Rosemary

MISS BERYL LOUISE LITTLE

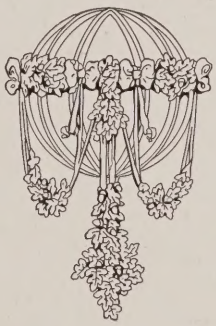
ROSEMARY?

"Here's Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love remember."

Hamlet, Act IV, Scene V.

FOREWORD

"Little, little can I give thee,
Sullins College, Mater mine,
But that little—love, brain, spirit—
All I have and am are thine.
Take, O take, the gift and giver,
Take and serve thyself with me.
Sullins College, Sullins College,
I will aye be true to thee."



ORDER OF BOOKS

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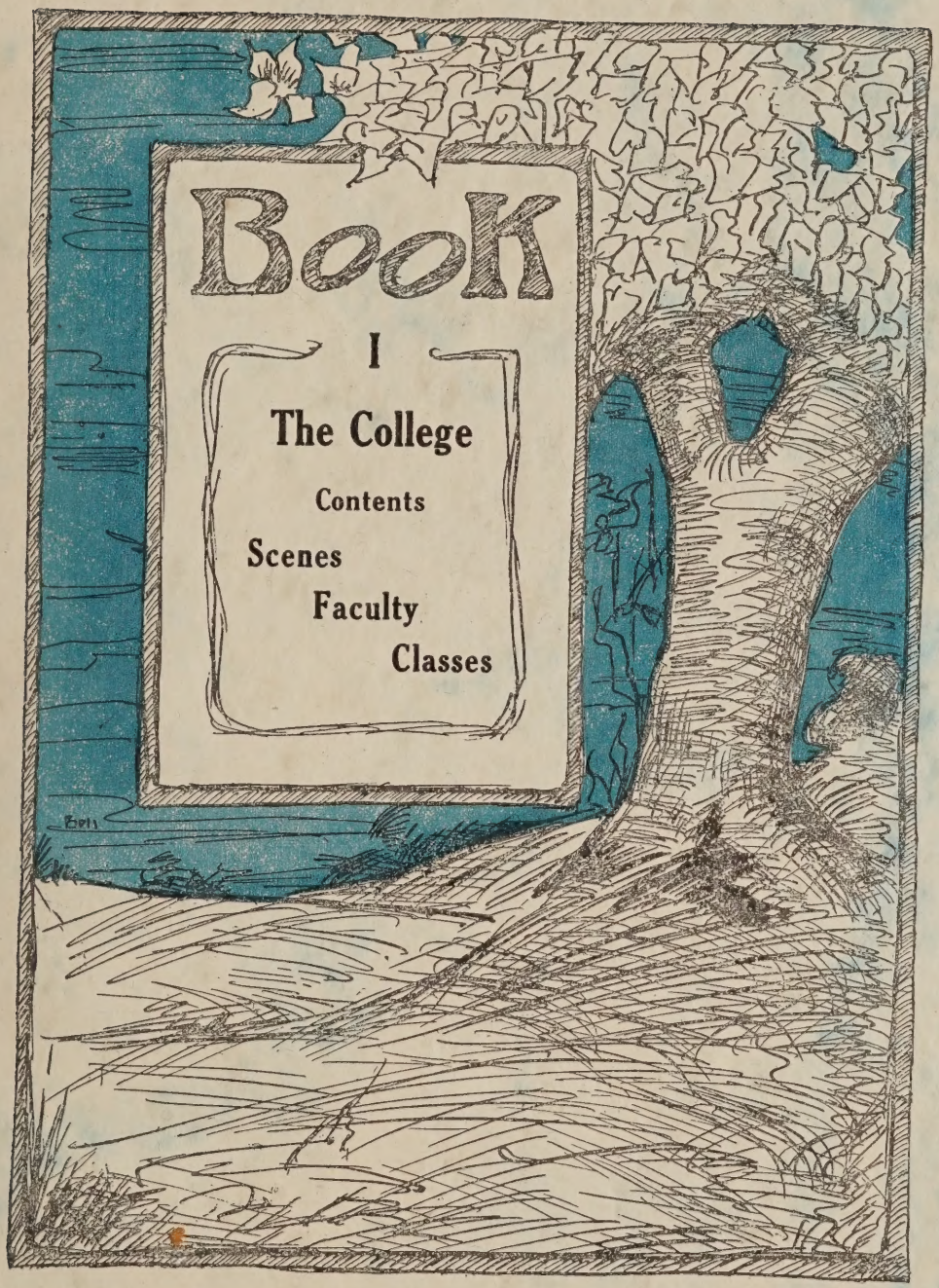
BOOK II
Student Organizations

BOOK III
The College Year

BOOK IV
Athletics

BOOK V
Miscellaneous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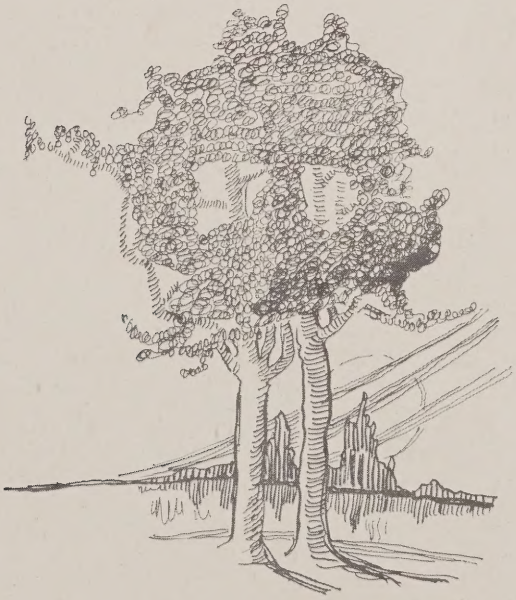
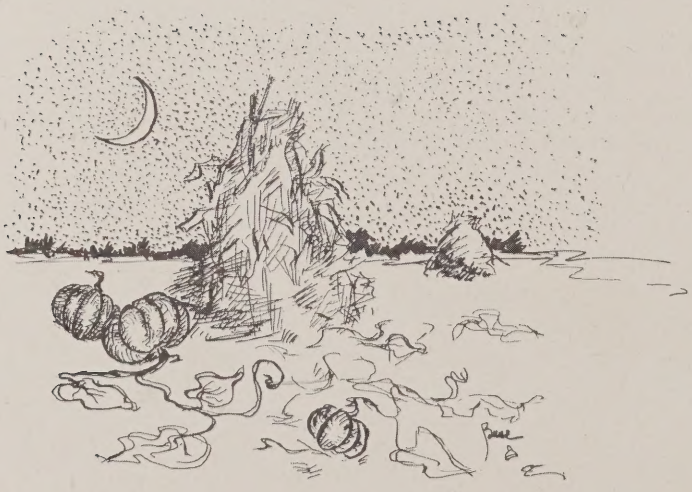
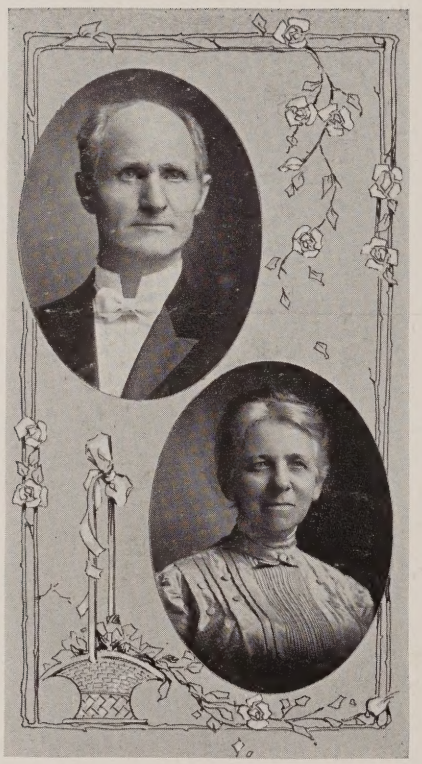
ROSEMARY?

ROSEMARY?







Faculty

DR. W. S. NEIGHBORS, President
School of Economics

MRS. W. S. NEIGHBORS
School of Bible

FACULTY

DR. L. L. H. CARLOCK, Vice-President
Business Manager

MRS. L. L. H. CARLOCK

FACULTY

MISS MARY S. MOONEY, Lady Principal
School of English

DR. G. W. SUMMERS
School of History and Philosophy

MISS KATE SIMPSON
School of Mathematics

MISS RUBY STEELE
School of Latin

FACULTY

MISS HARRIETT H. FILLINGER
School of Science

MISS ANTOINETTE FLEURY
School of Modern Languages

MISS ELIZABETH SHEFFIELD ALLEN
School of Expression

MISS ELVA LEHR
School of Expression

MISS JULIA SIMPSON
School of Art

MISS JANIE BACHMAN
Assistant in Art

FACULTY

MISS BERYL LITTLE
School of Shorthand and Typewriting

MISS BLANCHE ESPY
School of Physical Training

PROF. LOUIS ALBERTI, Musical Director
School of Vocal Training

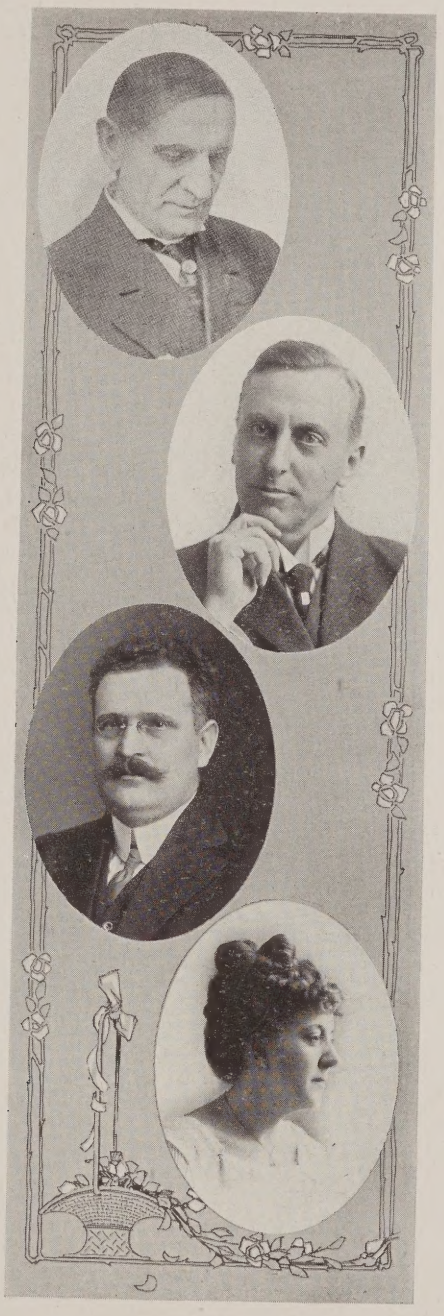
FACULTY

PROF. CARL BODELL
School of Piano

PROF. LEWIS G. THOMAS
School of Piano

MR. RUDOLPH KRATOCHWILL
School of Violin

MISS KATIE RIVES CARLOCK
School of Piano



FACULTY

MISS RUTH POWELL
School of Piano

MRS. LULA MCCOY TALIAFERRO
Matron

MISS NANNIE KETCHUM
Housekeeper

J. C. ORR

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

To My Seniors

Could I paint as the masters paint,
With magic touch and nameless grace,
I'd picture no martyr nor saint,
But trace with love your dear face.

Could I write as the wise ones do,
I'd pen no sermon nor thesis long,
But, oh, I'd send straight home to you
The tender lilt of a true love song.

Could I sing as sweet singers sing,
With each note all tender and true,
My voice with rapture would ring
And every beat would be for you.

I cannot write nor paint as they,
Nor mine the gift of true love's song;
So you say what I've tried to say,
For my words get all twisted and wrong.

—*Miss Mooney.*

Senior Class

Colors: Purple and Gold *Flower:* Violet

Motto: "Non sibi sed omnibus."

Officers

LEN PRIVETT . . . . . *President*

CORINNE LAMB . . . . . *Vice-President*

LOUISE KOLB . . . . . *Secretary*

FANNIE LOIS YAWN . . . . . *Treasurer*

ROSE NEL SAWYER . . . . . *Poet*

MAURINE COTTRELL . . . . . *Historian*

ELIZABETH NEFF . . . . . *Prophet*

IRIS FINLEY . . . . . *Lawyer*

SENIOR CLASS

SUSAN DOROTHY BELL, *K K K*

ART

Hernando, Mississippi

Artist Mississippi Club, '14; Vice-President Art Club, '14; Knobber, '14; Irregular Tennis, Basketball, '14; Senior Tennis, '15; Censor F. L. S., '15; President Art Club, '15; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '15; Art Editor *Rosemary*, '15.

"She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading."

"No thought of peace, no thought of rest."

CONSERVATORY BRISTOL VIRGINIA

NORA ISHTA BURNS, *K K K*

VOICE

Lebanon, Virginia

President Virginia Club, '15; F. L. S.

"True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice."

"She's a jolly good fellow."

SENIOR CLASS

SOPHIA MAURINE COTTRELL, *K K K*

B. M.

West Point, Mississippi

Irregular Tennis, '14; Historian Class, '15; President Y. W. C. A., '15.

"Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the net of passion from her path."

"She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows."

ADALEEN ELOISE DIXON, *K K K*

VOICE

Houston, Texas

Secretary F. L. S. First Term, '15.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without her enthusiasm."

"And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted."

SENIOR CLASS

Bessie Mae Edmundson

B. S

Damascus, Virginia

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."

"She takes me prisoner with her tongue."

Iris Raymond Finley, Σ E Δ

EXPRESSION

Decatur, Alabama

Artist Dramatic Club, '14; Lawyer Class, '15; Treasurer Alabama Club, '15; Chairman Business Committee Art Club, '15.

"True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest."

"Never my heart shalt thou grow old!"

SULLINS COLLEGE CONSERVATORY BRISTOL VIRGINIA

SENIOR CLASS

VIRGINIA SUSAN GODWIN, *K K K*

B. S.

Fort Springs, West Virginia

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '13; Critic F. L. S. First Term, '14; Sophomore Tennis, '13; Junior Tennis, '14; Senior Tennis, '15; Orchestra, '15; Business Manager *Rosemary*, '15; F. L. S.

"Those about her
From her shall find the
Perfect ways of honor"

"Run if you like, but try
To keep your breath;
Work like man, but
Don't be worked to death."

MARY JENNIE HOLLIMAN

B. S.

Vernon, Alabama

F. L. S.

"Let us do our work as well—both the unseen and the seen—
Make the house where gods may dwell beautiful and clean."

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."

SENIOR CLASS

Zada Holliman

A. B.

Vernon, Alabama

F. L. S.

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."

"Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL · VIRGINIA

Bessie Harkrader

Rural Retreat, Virginia

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

"Habit with her was all the test to truth;
It must be right; I've done it from my youth."

SENIOR CLASS

Louise Kolb, *K A Δ*

A. B.

Ozark, Alabama.

Historian Class, '14; Junior Tennis, '14; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '15; Senior Tennis, '15; Vice-President Alabama Club, '15; Secretary Class, '15; F. L. S.

"Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face."

"That light I see is burning in my room
How far that little candle throws its beams!"

Corinne Lamb, *K A Δ*

B. S.

Batesville, Mississippi

Junior Tennis, Basketball, '14; Vice-President Class, '15; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '15; Senior Tennis, '15; F. L. S.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

"She is drown'd in love; look but in and you shall see her."

SENIOR CLASS

LILLIAN LEWIS

VOICE

Bristol, Tennessee

"And her voice is soft and low,
Clear as music and as sweet;
Hearing it, you hardly know
Where the Sound and Silence meet."

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL VIRGINIA

ELIZABETH ELLEN NEFF, Σ A K

A. B.

Chilhowie, Virginia

Librarian C. L. S. First Term, '15; Prophet Senior Class, '15; Secretary C. L. S. Second Term, '15.

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower."

"Must I work, Oh!
What a waste of time!"

SENIOR CLASS

VIOLET PARSONS, *K K K*

B. S.; VIOLIN

Summit, Mississippi

Vice-President Mississippi Club, '15; Joke Editor *Rosemary;* Senior Tennis, '15; F. L. S.

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

"Talking she knew not why, and cared not what."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL VIRGINIA

LEN PRIVET, *Σ Ω I*

A. B.

Calera, Alabama

Treasurer Class, '14; Secretary Alabama Club, '14; Tennis, '13, '14, '15; Junior Basketball, '14; President Class, '15; F. L. S.

"Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure."

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

SENIOR CLASS

SARAH ELOISE ROBERTS, Σ Ω I

B. M.

Albertville, Alabama

Irregular Basketball, '14; Censor F. L. S., '14; President Basketball Club, '15; Senior Basketball, '15; President Alabama Club, '15.

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

"I do not doubt his love, but I could wish
His presence might confirm it."

YETTA LEE SOBOTKA, Σ Ω I

A. B.

Hartselle, Alabama

Poet Class, '14; Treasurer Alabama Club, '14; Tennis, '14, '15; Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A., '15; Editor-in-Chief *Rosemary;* F. L. S.

"Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?"

"In general, those who have nothing to say
Continue to spend the longest time in doing it."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL VIRGINIA

SENIOR CLASS

ROSE NEL SAWYER, Σ Ω I

B. S.

Batesville, Mississippi

Class Poet, '15; Social Editor *Rosemary;* Junior Basketball, Senior Tennis, '15; F. L. S.

"The intent and not the deed is in our power;
Therefore who dares greatly does greatly."

"Beware of her hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL · VIRGINIA

MATTIE STRALEY

B. S.

Bristol, Virginia

Advertising Manager *Rosemary;* Secretary Virginia Club, '15.

"Her words are trusty heralds to her mind."

"Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil."

SENIOR CLASS

Mary Worley

B. M.

Bristol, Tennessee

"Nothing can cover her high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off her memories."

"Now I pray thee do not call me a coquette."

SULLINS COLLEGE
CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL · VIRGINIA

Lyd Williams, *K A Δ*

EXPRESSION

Charleston, Mississippi

Treasurer Mississippi Club, '13; Secretary F. L. S., '14; Treasurer Knobber's Club, '13; President Mississippi Club, '14; Treasurer Dramatic Club, '13; Chairman Committee of Intercollegiates, '14; Treasurer Dramatic Club, '14; Social Committee Y. W. C. A., '15; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, '15; Sporting Editor *Rosemary;* Captain Senior Basketball.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk to, and pleasant, too, to think on."

"While a lady speaks
There's hope, but she didn't even sneeze."

SENIOR CLASS

GRACE WOLFE, *K A Δ*

A. B.

Big Stone Gap, Virginia

Associate Editor *Rosemary;* Senior Basketball, '15; Treasurer Basketball Club, '15; Critic F. L. S. Second Term, '15.

"The girl worth while is the girl who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"Give me a bowl of wine; I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

FANNIE LOIS YAWN, *Σ Ω I*

A. B.; B. M.

Lumberton, Mississippi

Vice-President Junior Class, '14; Treasurer Mississippi Club, '14; Junior Basketball, Tennis, '14; Senior Tennis, '15; Treasurer Class, '15; Vice-President F. L. S. First Term, '15; President Mississippi Club, '15; Monitor F. L. S. Second Term, '15.

"Her music hath charms to soothe a savage beast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

"Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing."

SENIOR CLASS

Helen Long

BUSINESS COURSE

New Market, Tennessee

"You have a natural sincerity,
A single truthfulness."

"Infinite riches, in a little room."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL VIRGINIA

Mary Evelyn Magill

BUSINESS COURSE

Vicksburg, Mississippi

Secretary Mississippi Club, '15; Fairisonian, '15; Senior Tennis, Basketball, '15.

"The temple of thy thought is silence."

"Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts."

SENIOR CLASS

FRANCES ETHEL NEAL, Σ E Δ

CERTIFICATE IN EXPRESSION

Decatur, Georgia

Farisonian.

"That continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please."

"Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your pitiful story."

CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL VIRGINIA

LENA WOLFE

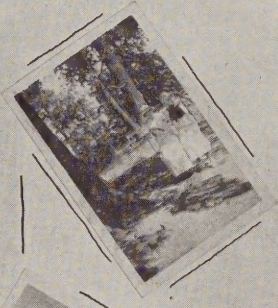
CERTIFICATE IN ART

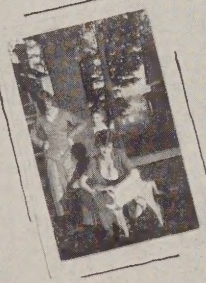
Bristol, Tennessee

Vice-President Art Club, '15.

"Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand."

"No ill have we to say of her."





SENIOR SNAP-SHOTS

Junior Class

Colors: Maroon and Grey

Flower: Red Rose

Motto: Simplicity, sincerity and service

Officers

Edith Kelly . . . . . *President*

Agnes Hale . . . . . *Vice-President*

Sadie Deane Roberts . . . . . *Secretary*

Katherine Brewer . . . . . *Treasurer*

Hallie Beard . . . . . *Poet*

Elizabeth Drinkard . . . . . *Historian*

Miss Kate Simpson . . . . . *Teacher*

ANNIE PORTER

ZELLA MADEN

LILLIAN BURCH

LOUISE LEE

ELIZABETH DRINKARD

GLADYS ESPY

HELEN HUMPHREY

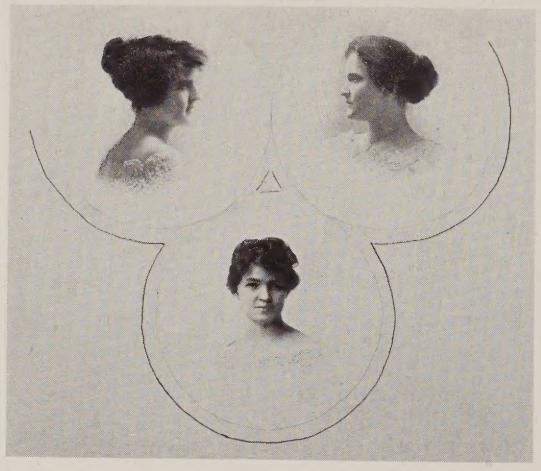
ESTELLE BURSON

MARY DIEHL

MARY MARGARET BROWN

MAYBELLE REDDING

IDA SMITH



GLADYS CANTER

MARGARET UMBERGER

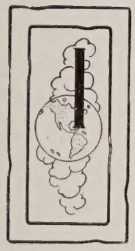
HALLIE BEARD

SUWANEE HEDRICK

MARY BONES

ALMA ROBERTS

Junior Class History



IT was a hot day in midsummer and some of those old characters so familiar to Sullins Juniors had gathered beneath the generous shade of a wide-spreading oak to discuss the topics of Current Events. Thus as they sat their attention was attracted by a tall man walking rapidly toward them.

"My friends," said Milton, "who is this that approaches us so rapidly —tell me, for your eyes are not dimmed as mine."

To whom Mr. Wentworth thus replied: "Of his *identity* I am not *positive*, but methinks it is Addison, the famous critic."

So it proved, and he, approaching nearer, cried: "Hail, noble friends! I would not take your time for this event did I not know that you have given it to matters of less importance. In my wandering o'er the earth I chanced to stop in the City of Bristol, whose citizens are much agitated concerning the Sullins Juniors—for some have said they are not worthy to become the Seniors of 1916."

But Milton would not allow him to speak more. "Of the Juniors' first disobedience and their refusal to study my greatest poem, which laziness brought weeping into the college and sorrow into all hearts, with loss of faculty reputation, till one Greater Woman restored them and led them to the envied goal, I shall endeavor to sing, while I pursue things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Eight times the space that measures thirty days to Sullins students, they with their *elegant* teacher sat paraphrasing, wading deep into the nature of the poem, ignorant, though Juniors.

"Hallie Beard and Nancy Spence didst outshine others, though bright, and Florence didst see into what pit from what height fallen: so much the stronger proved Mary Vernon with her attention. And till then who knew the force of that great faculty?

> " 'Now, O Powers, matchless with none but the Almighty,
> Where I am wrong, point out my error;
> But if I be right, follow my example
> That we may rise to the height of this great argument
> And justify the ways of Juniors to men.' "

Mr. Wentworth did follow his example very quickly. "Now, Mr. Milton, you must ba. You know a *number* of pupils who show *best* signs of intellect in English have no *numerical value* whatever—may not even be on good *terms* with me. As my work is a large *factor* in an A B *Degree*, I beg you, my friends, to consider these Juniors from

a different *angle* and hear how their *power* to get down to the root of *problems*, to *simplify* and *solve* them *simultaneously* has brought them through a *natural series of progression* from *elementary* work to an *unknown quantity* of knowledge. Though Hallie Beard, as a *rule*, forgot what she was sure she knew, and others had a *similar* failing, these little faults must not be taken as an *index* to the power of the class. For I need only to mention as examples Mary Margaret Brown, Mary Bones, Sadie Dean Roberts and Margaret Umberger—what wonders! Is the *product* of all their labor *combined* with the persistent efforts of their teacher to be *reduced* to shame and scandal? No, let us *eliminate* all such reports and in their places *substitute* the glory and renown of this unusual class."

Next Virgil eagerly cried out: "I sing of Juniors and their virtues, for never did any class so fluently read my poem. Ah, they were energetic, faithful, brilliant and——"

"'Tis so, 'tis so," interrupted Horace, "and don't forget to mention Gladys Espy and Suwanee Hedrick. They had but to part their lips and whole odes poured forth. Oh, it was wonderful, marvelous!"

Then Sir Isaac Newton, with his gray locks flowing over his shoulders, arose: "Gentlemen, allow me to say a word for the Science Department. Never, since I found why the apple dropped from the tree, have I made such a discovery as the finding of Edith Kelly. She was a gem among gems—"

But Shakespeare, growing impatient to speak, interrupted him: "I know you all and did awhile listen to you dwell upon the excellencies of this class, yet now must I speak of some individually—

'O, for a supernatural power to write
The Columbia for a stage, Miss Allen's class to act,
And all Bristol to behold the swelling scene!
Then would the noble Juniors like themselves
Assume the part of Queens!'

This class hath been divided into several sections, and it is well, for like the organization of the honey bees it enabled them to pursue their work with order. They had a President and officers of sorts. Where some, like Zella Maden, Mary Diehl and Ida Smith, excelled in paraphrasing, Group Two, Gladys Canter and Katherine Brewer, were talented in writing essays. Group Three, Alma Roberts and Helen Humphrey, were always faithful to the parallel reading. Group Four, Estelle Burson, Lillian Burch, and Maybelle Redding, always knew the historical references. Others, like Annie Porter, Louise Lee, and Agnes Hale, made searches into every book in the library and brought the knowledge gained to class to the great satisfaction of their teacher, who, as she looked with pride upon her class, perceiving their intelligence, strengthened with interest, rejoiced.

Milton spoke and all eyes were turned toward him:

"But wherefore let we then our faithful pupils
Remain misrepresented in the minds of men.
Let's hasten to yon dreary town
There to exalt the Juniors and waft
Their names upon the wings of fame."

He ceased and all seemed highly pleased, and taking his advice, they without delay d'd wend their way toward Bristol.

—*Elizabeth Drinkard.*

A Junior's Dream

Last evening, quite worn out with study,
As I mused by the glowing grate,
I slept, and the fruit of my slumber
Was a dream—of my class and their fate.

It seemed that the scene had far changed,
Swiftly the years had rolled by;
And, alone, an old maid with my memories,
I sat with my parrot near by.

While memory was busily painting
Past scenes for my eager gaze,
The bright faces of many dear classmates
Smiled back from our old "Junior" days.

There were girls from the Sunny Southland,
And girls from the East and West;
From the valleys of dear old Virginia
Came fair maidens along with the rest.

In their hearts they rejoiced to be Juniors,
'Twas a goal they had worked to attain;
And with visions much broader and better,
They were ready more victories to gain.

Of these, some were devoted to music
And some were great lovers of art;
But a much greater number were interest'd
In Dan Cupid's "Affairs of the Heart."

As these faces passed swiftly before me,
Then gently receded from view,
The scene from the past was removed,
My thoughts then turned to things new.

In the years that had passed as a day
There were changes too varied to tell,
But I felt that each girl through the years
Had chosen to use her life well.

On the stone that will last through the ages
Each Junior had carved her fair name;
Great the number who'd climbed up the ladder
To the heights of much-desired Fame.

With a start I was roused from my dream,
'Twas the noise of a book I'd let fall;
Then I wished that my unprepared lesson
Were, too, "just a dream, after all."

H. I. B., '16.

HENRIETTA PATE

ELSIE PUCKETT

ETHEL NEWBERRY

"Miss Tom Boy"

Presented March 13, 1915

The Play That Put the Juniors in the Annual

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Wallace	Ethel Newberry
Helen (her daughter), Miss Tom Boy	Peggy Pate
Sarah, the Servant	Elsie Puckett

"This *wonderful* play staged by *the* Juniors, abbreviated but very sweet, and funny to the nth degree, had enough 'push,' 'pep,' and vitality to get it over, and make it the success of the season."—*A Senior.*

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Colors: Yellow and White *Song:* "Boat Song" *Flower:* Water Lily

Motto: "Paddle your own canoe."

Officers

Lelia Scott . . . . . *President*

Sarah Jeter . . . . . *Vice-President*

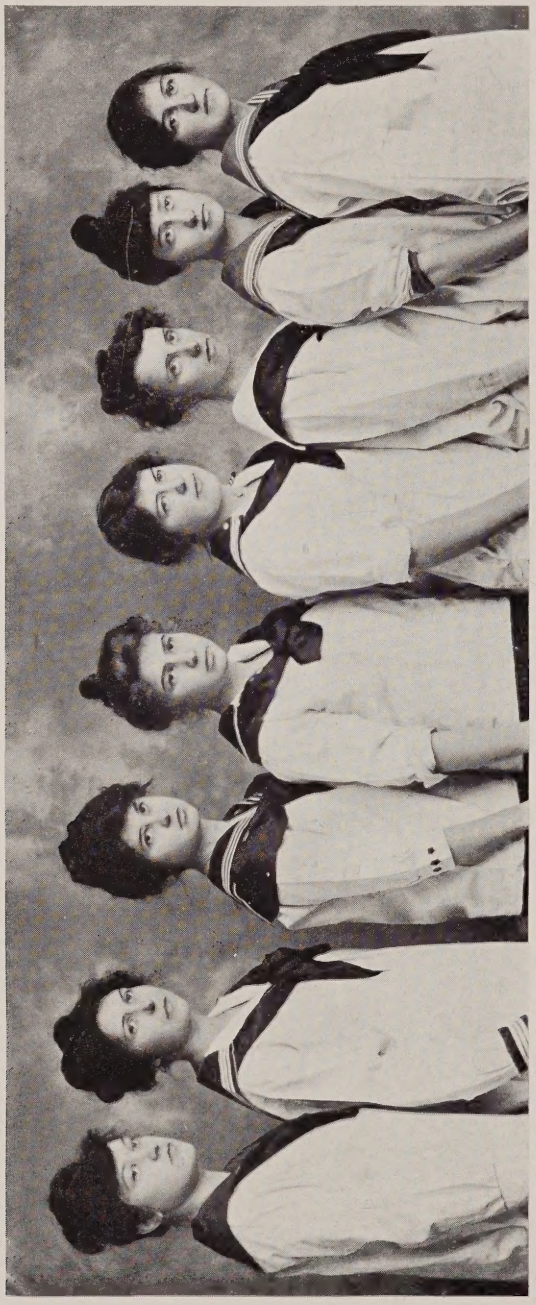
Margaret Warwick . . . . . *Secretary*

Nancy McChesney . . . . . *Treasurer*

Miss Katie Rives Carlock . . . . . *Teacher*

Members

Bertha Bradshaw
Janie Dutton
Rhea Heldreth
Anabel Jenkins
Sarah Jeter
Nancy McChesney
Emily Moore
Lelia Scott
Ruth Stimson
Guyrene Swaim
Miriam Thurman
Margaret Warwick



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Colors: Red and White. *Flower:* American Beauty

Motto: "We are what we think we are."

Officers

Elizabeth Hawley . . . . . *President*

Dorothy Fry . . . . . *Vice-President*

Charlie Taliaferro . . . . . *Secretary*

Fannie James Hall . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Charlie Taliaferro
Lorena Tate
Fannie James Hall
Eva Schoolfield
Elizabeth Hawley
Alice Mahoney
Inez Stephens
Dorothy Fry
Miss Blanche Espy

Fourth Year Class

Officers

CATHERINE PERRY . . . . . *President*
MYRTLE KETRON . . . . . *Vice-President*
NELL TAYLOR . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

VIRGINIA DAY
JULIA ELLIOTT
MYRTLE KETRON
ZENITH KNIGHT
MAY MUSTARD
CATHERINE PERRY
WILLIE PHILLIPS
MIRIAM ROBINSON
IDA SLAUGHTER
ELIZABETH TYLER
NELL TAYLOR
KATHLEEN WRIGHT
STRALEY WILSON

Irregular Class

Colors: Pink and Green. *Flower:* Pink Carnation

Motto: "Constantly striving to make our better best."

Officers

Ola Bethune . . . . . *President*

Nancy Katherine Spence . . . . . *Vice-President*

Lula Taliaferro . . . . . *Secretary*

Electra Dickson . . . . . *Treasurer*

Florence Cole . . . . . *Poet*

Floyce Rule . . . . . *Historian*

Miss Little . . . . . *Teacher*

HAZEL CURTIS

THELMA O'DOM

MARY SALTER

FLORENCE COLE

LYDA HALE

FLOYCE RULE

BLANCHE GARRETT

Special Class

Flower: Sweet Pea. *Colors:* Pink and Green.

Motto: "Know something about everything and know everything about something."

MR. ALBERTI . . . . . *Teacher*

MEMBERS

MYRTLE MITCHELL . . . *Art*

KATHLEEN FAIN . . . . . *Mathematics*

MYRTLE JAMES . . . . . *Voice; Piano*

MARY LEE CHELF . . . . . *Art; Voice*

LUCILE FINKS . . . . . *Art*

MARGARET BOGGESS . . . . . *Voice; Piano*

AMY LEE STINSON . . . . . *Piano; Violin*

ELISE HAILE . . . . . *Piano*

IRENE BLUME . . . . . *Voice; Piano*

MYRTLE JENNINGS . . . . . *Voice; Piano*

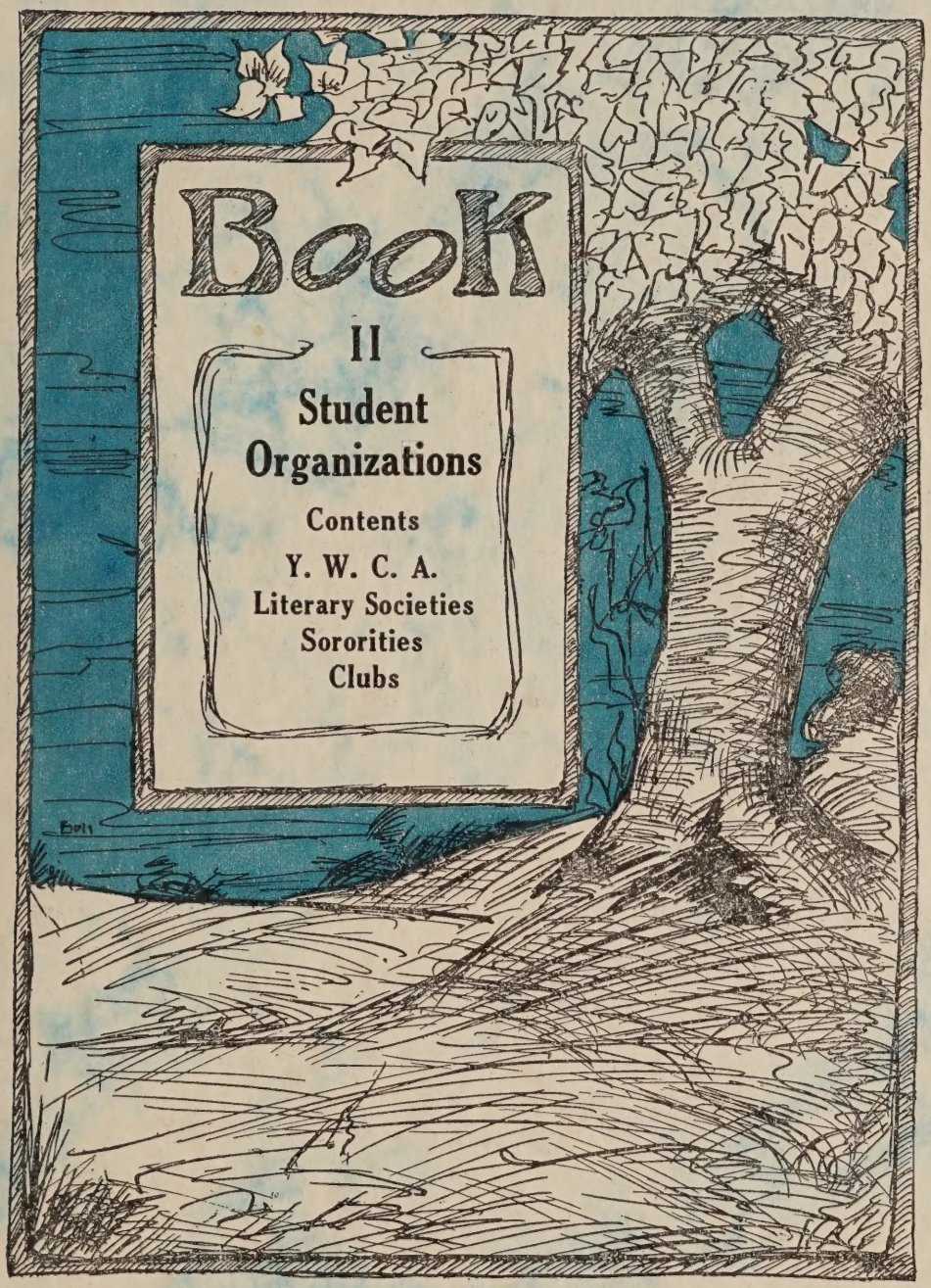
ETHEL BLUME . . . . *Voice*

A BUNCH OF TALENT

Special Class Poem

Yes, we're the "Special" class by name,
With Art and Music as our aim,
With "castle building" not in vain,
That cannot be called "Chateau Espagne";
For some day these dreams we shall realize,
And know that our work was well worth the prize.
All this we can readily say,
For where there's a "will" there's always a "way."

—A. L. S.


Book
II
Student
Organizations
Contents
Y. W. C. A.
Literary Societies
Sororities
Clubs

ORGANISATIONS

Y. W. C. A.

OUR AIM:

The aim of the Y. W. C. A. is to get girls actively engaged in doing Christian work; to be a potent factor in all phases of life, to set high standards of living, and to stimulate ideals of Christian Womanhood.

MOTTO:

"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 13-14.

OFFICERS 1914-15

Miss Mooney . . . . *Advisory Member*

Totsie Cottrell . . . . . *President*

Louise Kolb . . . . . *Vice-President*

Corinne Lamb . . . . . *Secretary*

Dorothy Bell . . . . . *Treasurer*

Yetta Lee Sobotka . . . . . *Chairman of Missionary Committee*

Ethel Newberry . . . . . *Devotional Committee*

Margaret Umberger . . . . . *Devotional Committee*

Mary Bones . . . . . *Chairman Subcollegiate Committee*

Lyd Williams . . . . . *Chairman Social Committee*

Adaleen Dixon, *Chairman Music Committee*

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Clionian Society

Flower: Chrysanthemum. *Colors:* Blue and Gold.

Motto: "Forti et fideli nihil difficile."

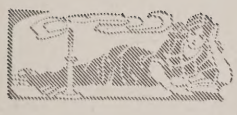
Officers

FIRST TERM

Florence Cole . . . . . *President*
Aileen Cole . . . . . *Vice-President*
Gladys Canter . . . . . *Secretary*
Electra Dickson . . . . . *Treasurer*
Elizabeth Neff . . . . . *Librarian*
Helen Humphrey . . . . . *Critic*
Alma Roberts . . . . . *Marshal*

SECOND TERM

Nancy K. Spence . . . . . *President*
Lula Taliaferro . . . . . *Vice-President*
Elizabeth Neff . . . . . *Secretary*
Electra Dickson . . . . . *Treasurer*
Mary Bones . . . . . *Librarian*
Mary Lee Chelf . . . . . *Critic*
Charlie Taliafekro . . . . . *Marshal*



ROSEMARY?

Members

Mary Margaret Brown

Irene Blume

Margaret Boggess

Mary Bones

Annie Lou Barker

Gladys Canter

Mary Lee Chelf

Aileene Cole

Francis Cook

Electra Dickson

Mary Diehl

Julia Elloitt

Dorothy Fry

Bessie Harkrader

Jennie Holliman

Zada Holliman

Nancy Katherine Spence

Helen Humphrey

Myrtle Jennings

Zenith Knight

Zella Maden

Mary Magill

George Myers

Elizabeth Neff

Margaret Umberger

Charlie Taliaferro

Annie Porter

Alma Roberts

Miriam Robinson

India Robinson

Mary Smith

Inez Stephens

Amy Lee Stinson

Lula Taliaferro

Farisonian Literary Society

Colors: Black and Gold. *Flower:* Goldenrod.

Motto: "Esse quam videri."

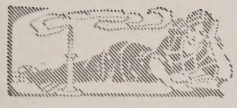
Officers

FIRST TERM

Nan Jackson . . . . . *President*
Fannie Lois Yawn . . . . . *Vice-President*
Adaleen Dixon . . . . . *Secretary*
Maurine Cottrell . . . . . *Treasurer*
Eva Schoolfield . . . . . *Critic*
Lorena Tate . . . . . *Librarian*
Virginia Godwin . . . . . *Monitor*

SECOND TERM

Sadie Deane Roberts . . . . *President*
Guyrene Swaim . . . . . *Vice-President*
Anabel Jenkins . . . . . *Secretary*
Gladys Espy . . . . . *Treasurer*
Grace Wolfe . . . . . *Critic*
Lorena Tate . . . . . *Librarian*
Fannie Lois Yawn . . . . . *Monitor*



ROSEMARY?

Members

Grace Wolfe

Sadie Deane Roberts

Ola Bethune

Dorothy Bell

Ethel Blume

Pansy Bradshaw

Bertha Bradshaw

Ethel Newberry

Ethel Neal

Maurine Cottrell

Elsie Puckett

Len Privett

Violet Parsons

Peggy Pate

Floyce Rule

Eloise Roberts

Iris Finley

Miss Fillinger

Virginia Godwin

Blanche Garrett

Agnes Hale

Elise Hale

Fannie James Hall

Suwanee Hedrick

Lyd Hale

Sara Jeter

Anabel Jenkins

Louise Kolb

Myrtle Ketron

Helen Long

Louise Lee

Corinne Lamb

Myrtle Mitchell

Emily Moore

May Mustard

Nora Burns

Hazel Curtis

Thelma O'Dom

Adaleen Dixon

Virginia Day

Gladys Espy

Miss Espy

Bess Edmondson

Eloise Roberts

Maybelle Redding

Dr. Summers

Rose Nel Sawyer

Yetta Lee Sobotka

Mary Salter

Miss Steele

Ruth Stimson

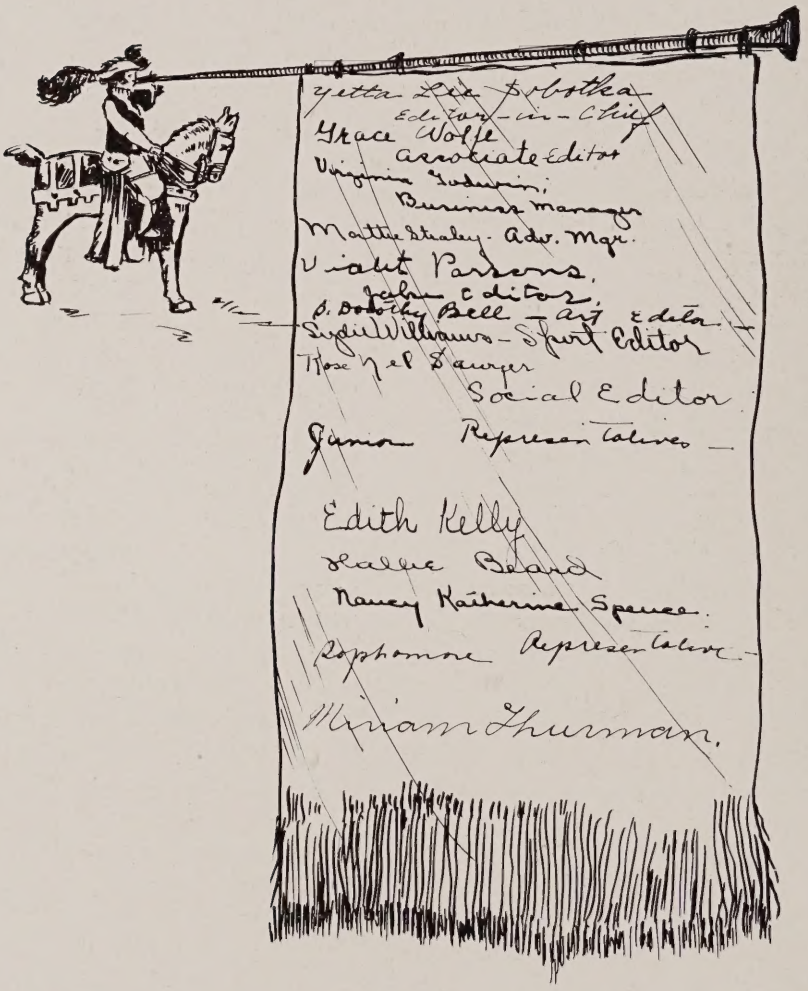
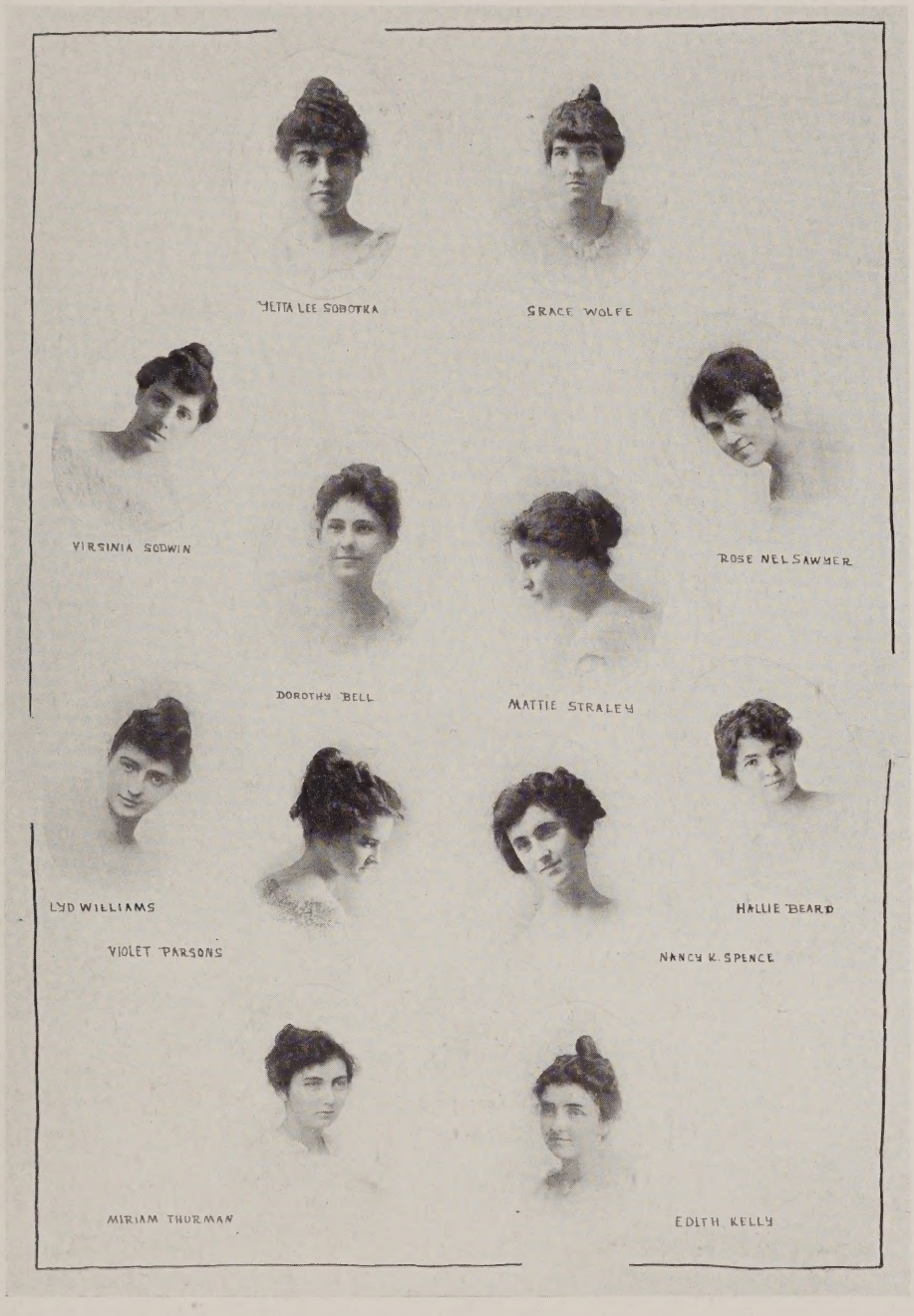
Eva Schoolfield

Guyrene Swaim

Margaret Warwick

Fannie Lois Yawn

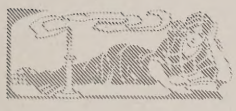
Rosemary Staff



YETTA LEE SOBOTKA
GRACE WOLFE
VIRGINIA GODWIN
ROSE NELSAWYER
DOROTHY BELL
MATTIE STRALEY
LYD WILLIAMS
HALLIE BEARD
VIOLET PARSONS
NANCY R. SPENCE
MIRIAM THURMAN
EDITH KELLY

Rosemary

Should you ask me
Whence these pages?
Whence these pictures?
Whence these stories,
With the schoolgirls' hearty laughter,
With the hopes and fears of schooldays,
With the joy and fun of schooldays,
With their folly, with their wisdom,
With their frequent repetitions,
With the faces of the schoolgirls
As of portraits in a gall'ry?
I should answer,
I should tell you,
"From the thoughts and
From the dreamings,
From the great hopes of the Seniors,
From the love of all the Seniors,
From the help of all the teachers,
From the help of all the pupils
Whom this school uplifts and strengthens
I report as I have learned them,
From the annals of the schoolgirls,
The reminders for *Rosemary*."
Should you ask me
Where we found them,
Found these thoughts and found these legends,
Found the spirit, found the laughter,
I should answer, I should tell you:
"In the heart of every maiden,
In the heart of every Senior,
In the heart of every teacher,
Whom the love of Sullins bindeth.
All the lessons taught it to us,
In the chapel, in the class room,
In the stately, spacious parlor.
All the music taught it to us,
All the singing, all the masters;
All the friendships, all the failures,



ROSEMARY?

The great hopes, and all the wishes,
All the revels, and the waitings,
The mistakes, and all the gaining;
Taught us sorrow, taught us laughter,
Which we fain all would remember."
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "What is Sullins College?
Wherefore say you this *Rosemary?*"
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In a vale of old Virginia, in the growing town
of Bristol,
Stands the girl's school, Sullins College,
Old in building, old in favor, and for years to
Sullins College
Have come maidens, from the Westward,
From the Eastward, from the Southward,
From the Northward, have come maidens;
And the pleasant years they've spent here,
And the hopes and fears they've left here,
And the lessons they have learned here,
Fain would each and all remember,
But in after years when roaming,
Roaming on life's broadened meadows,
For a time forgot the maidens
All the things they did at Sullins,
All the revels, all the heartbreaks,
All the sorrow, all the laughter,
Till a book was made, *Rosemary*,
Published each year by the Seniors,
Did the maidens all remember,
Each the joy and toil of Sullins,
Yea, the spirit and the heartthrobs,
And the happy days at Sullins.
So the Senior Class of 'fifteen,
In the footsteps of the others,
Caught the spirit of the college,
Caught its joy, imbibed its sorrow,
Till today we leave the message
Of the year of nineteen fifteen
In the book of our own making,
In our own beloved *Rosemary*."

In Old Virginia

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,
The twilight skies of amethyst,
The groves of ancient oaks sun-kissed
In old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers,
Wild roses and honeysuckle bowers,
The woodland incense after showers,
In old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills,
Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills,
The jocund sound of him who tills,
In old Virginia.

I love the martial ranks of corn,
Their blades agleam with lights of morn,
The curtains of the night withdrawn.
In old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,
The deference paid to womanhood.
The chivalric and gentle blood,
In old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod,
The simple faith that trusts in God,
The heads bowed 'neath the chastening rod,
In old Virginia.

Virginia Club

Colors: Colonial Blue and Buff. *Flower:* Virginia Creeper.

Officers

Nora Burns . . . . . *President*

Helen Humphrey . . . . . *Vice-President*

Mattie Straley . . . . . *Secretary*

Edith Kelly . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Hallie Beard
Margaret Boggess
Mary Bones
Katherine Brewer
Mary M. Brown
Lillian Burch
Nora Burns
Estelle Burson
Gladys Canter
Miss K. R. Carlock
Florence Cole
Elizabeth Drinkard
Janie Dutton
Bessie Edmondson
Lucile Finks

Miss Harriett Fillinger
Mlle. A. Fleury
Blanche Garrett
Agnes Hale
Lydia Hale
Fannie J. Hall
Bess Harkrader
Elizabeth Hawley
Rhea Hildreth
Helen Humphrey
Myrtle James
Myrtle Jennings
Edith Kelly
Myrtle Mitchell
May Mustard
Nancy McChesney
Elizabeth Neff

Ethel Newberry
Annie Porter
Alma Roberts
Miriam Robinson
Ida Smith
Nancy K. Spence
Miss Ruby Steele
Ruth Stimson
Amy Lee Stimson
Mattie Straley
Dr. Summers
Nell Taylor
Miriam Thurman
Margaret Umburger
Grace Wolfe

Honorary Members

Mr. Carl Bodell
Mr. Louis Alberti

Alabama

Alabama! Alabama!
We will aye be true to thee!
From thy southern shore where groweth,
By the sea, thy orange tree;
From thy northern vale where floweth,
Deep and blue, thy Tennessee,
Alabama! Alabama!
We will aye be true to thee.

Brave thy men and pure thy women,
Better this than corn and wine.
Make us worthy, God in heaven,
Of this goodly land of thine.
Hearts as open as our doorways,
Liberal hands and spirits free,
Alabama! Alabama!
We will aye be true to thee!

Alabama Club

Motto:

Here's to the Alabama girls,
And the dear old state they're from!
To the state that is nearest
Our hearts and dearest—
To Alabama! Our Home!

Officers

Eloise Roberts . . . . . *President*

Louise Kolb . . . . . *Vice-President*

Elsie Puckett . . . . . *Secretary*

Iris Finley . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Electra Dickson
Iris Finley
Zada Holliman
Jennie Holliman
Louise Lee
Dr. Neighbors
Len Privett
Elsie Puckett
Eloise Roberts
Yetta Lee Sobotka
Mary Salter
Mrs. Taliaferro
Lula Taliaferro
Louise Kolb
Charlie Taliaferro

In Dear Old Tennessee

In dear old Tenenssee,
That's where I long to be,
Where skies are ever blue,
And hearts are ever true;
Where perfumed breezes blow,
And sweet magnolias grow—
That's where I long to be,
Honey, in Tennessee.

Tennessee Club

Colors: Yellow and White. *Flower:* Daisy.

Officers

Sadie Deane Roberts . . . . . *President*

Helen Long . . . . . *Vice-President*

Zella Maden . . . . . *Secretary*

Suwanee Hedrick . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Inez Stephens
Mrs. Neighbors
Mrs. Carlock
Miss Mooney
Miss Kate Simpson
Pansy Bradshaw
Bertha Bradshaw
Mary Diehl
Suwanee Hedrick
Sarah Jeter
Myrtle Ketron
Helen Long
Lillian Lewis
Zella Maden
Katherine Perry
Guyrene Swaim
Sadie Dean Roberts
Evah Schoolfield

Mississippi

I.

In dear old Mississippi, where the cotton blossoms grow,
And the sweet magnolia fragrance is wafted to and fro,
There's nothing more delightful than an afternoon in June
Spent on a little bayou where the water lilies bloom.

II.

Its banks are green and shady from the overhanging moss,
Stately trees that whisper, "Time spent here is never lost."
And likewise is the message sent in flowery dialect,
"Be happy, gay and jolly, love and joy are on your deck."

III.

The golden tropic sunshine gleams and sparkles here and there
On many little wavelets, giving each a liberal share,
While sturdy oarsmen drive the barge across the bubbling foam,
Rejoicing in their freedom, and their home, sweet Southern home.

IV.

So down the stream they idly drift, the hours never noting,
For youth and joy ne'er reckon aught when on a bayou boating.
The earth with beauty is o'erfilled and with a heavenly tune,
In dear old Mississippi on a lovely day in June.

V.

They sing the joyful tidings of a land of pure delight,
The land of cotton blossoms and the land of "Swivel Rights,"
And with one loud acclamation they every one proclaim:
"The Land of Promise we have found, Mississippi is the name."

Mississippi Club

Colors: Green and White. *Flower:* Magnolia.

Creed:

"Ole Mississippi's jest over the fence,
Dat runs 'round heben's circumference."

Officers

Fannie Lois Yawn . . . . . *President*

Violet Parsons . . . . . *Vice-President*

Mary Magill . . . . . *Secretary*

Emily Moore . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Maybelle Redding
Totsie Cottrell
Violet Parsons
Corinne Lamb
Floyce Rule
Dorothy Bell
Ola Bethune
Alice Mahoney
Thelma O'Dom
Miss Julila Simpson
Hazel Curtis
Rose Nel Sawyer
Lyd Williams
Lorena Tate
Anabel Jenkins
Peggy Pate
Mary Magill
Margaret Warwick
Emily Moore

Florida Club

Colors: Green and White. *Flower:* Orange Blossom.

Motto:

To share our joy that we may win—
Happiness was born a twin.

Officers

Beryl Little	*President*
Irene Blume	*Vice-President*
Elsie Haile	*Secretary*
Ethel Blume	*Treasurer*

Honorary Member

Professor Louis G. Alberti

West Virginia Club

VIRGINIA DAY

DOROTHY FRY

VIRGINIA GODWIN

ZENITH KNIGHT

Straggler's Club

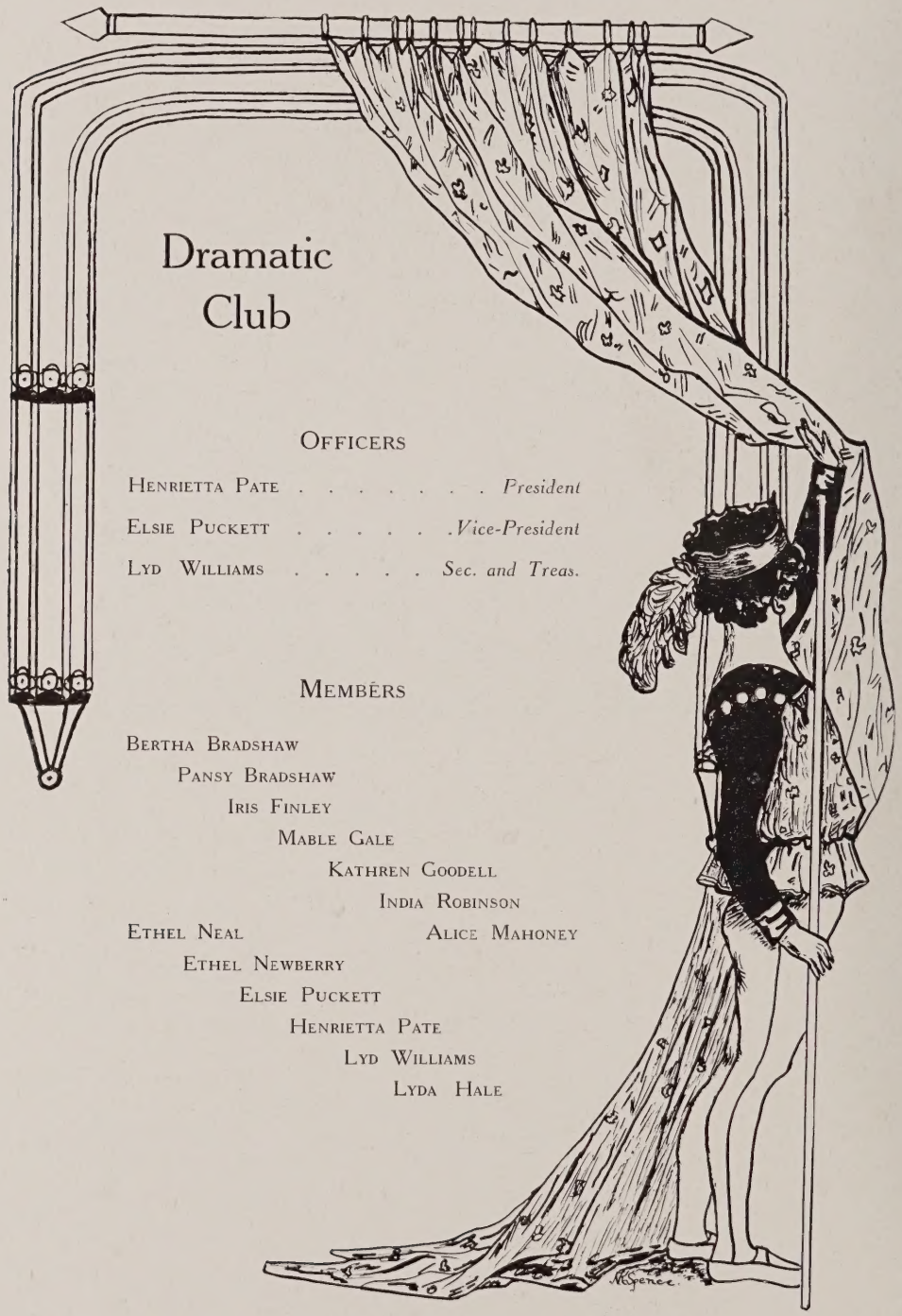
Members

Mr. Louis Alberti	Greenfield, Mass.
Adaleen Dixon	Houston, Texas
Ethel Neal	Decatur, Ga.
Miss Blanche Espy	Buford, Ga.
Gladys Espy	Buford, Ga.
Julia Elliott	Pineville, Ky.
Mary Lee Chelf	Pineville, Ky.

Das Deutsche Kranzchen

Mitglieder

Fraulein Fleury . . . . . "Seien Sie gut"
Fraulein Dixon . . . . . "Das macht nichts aus"
Fraulein Burns . . . . . "Bitte reichen Sie mir die Butter"
Fraulein Lewis . . . . . "Wie sagt man das?"
Fraulein Thurman . . . . . "Haben wir gurken?"
Fraulein Porter . . . . . "Ich bin sehr böse"
Fraulein Roberts . . . . . "Von meinem Paul"
Fraulein Hedrick . . . . . "Jawohl, uh—*I did*"
Fraulein Scott . . . . . "Ich weiss nicht"
Fraulein Sobotka . . . . . "Mais! Das freut mich sehr"



Dramatic Club

Officers

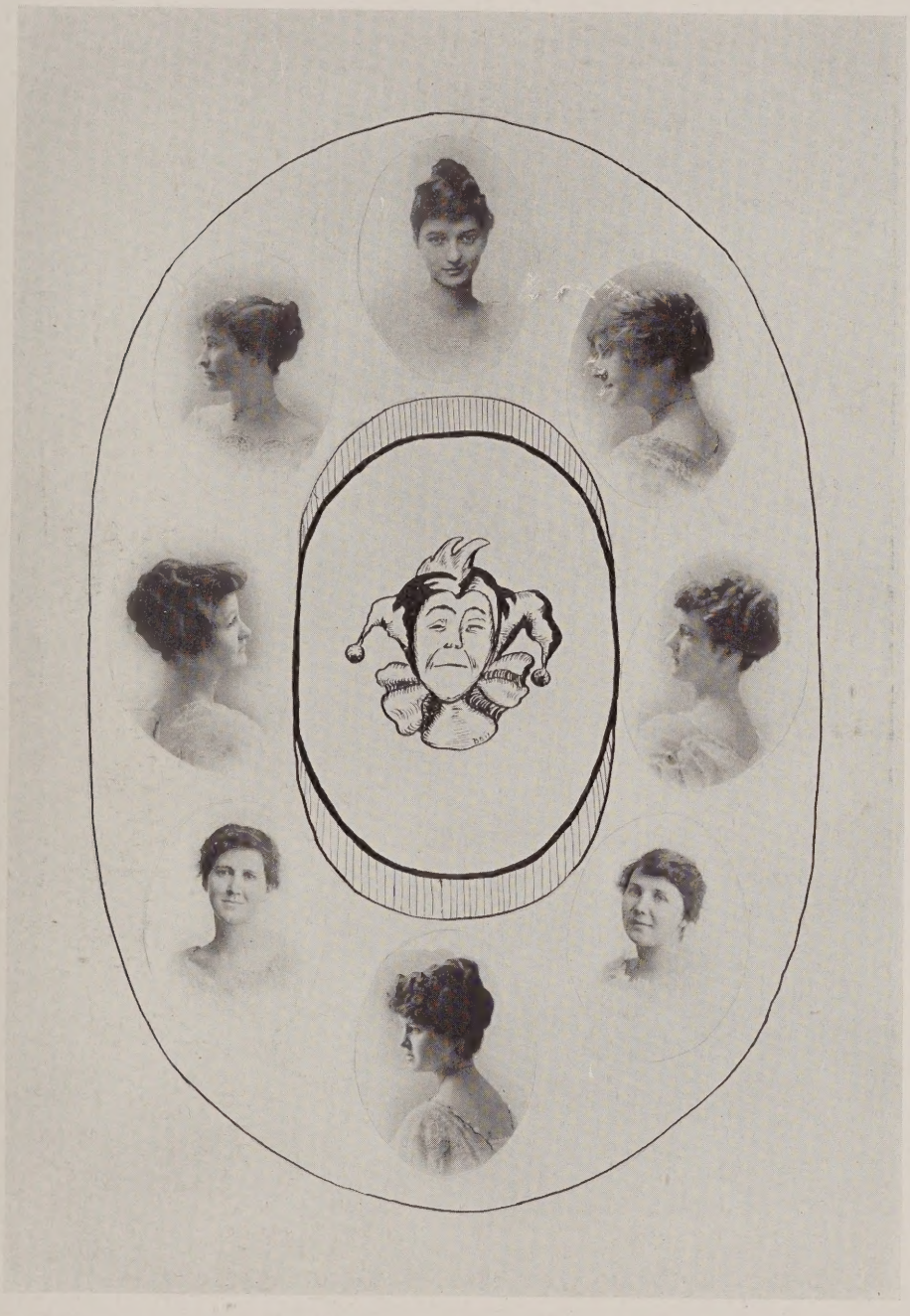
Henrietta Pate . . . . . *President*

Elsie Puckett . . . . . *Vice-President*

Lyd Williams . . . . . *Sec. and Treas.*

Members

Bertha Bradshaw
Pansy Bradshaw
Iris Finley
Mable Gale
Kathren Goodell
India Robinson
Ethel Neal
Alice Mahoney
Ethel Newberry
Elsie Puckett
Henrietta Pate
Lyd Williams
Lyda Hale



Officers

Dorothy Bell . . . *President*
Lena Wolfe . . . . . *Vice-President*
Jamie Bachman . . . . . *Secretary*
Armour Neighbors . . . . . *Treasurer*
Iris Finley, *Ch'm. of Bus. Committee*

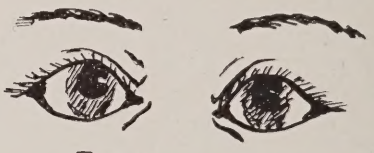
Members

Dorothy Bell
Jamie Bachman
Lena Wolfe
Lelia Scott
Ola Bethune
Iris Finley
Julia Fickle
Ruth Cox
Nancy K. Spence
Lucile Finks
Floyce Rule
Peggy Pate
Miss Fillincer
Fannie James Hall
Mary Diehl
Armour Neighbors
Maybelle Redding
Myrtle Mitchell
Miss Simpson
Miss Lehr
Sara Jeter
Mary Smith
Mary Lee Chelf

RULE
REDDING
MITCHEL
DEIL
PATE
CHELF
Miss FILLINGER
Miss SIMPSON
BEIL
WOLFE
COX
HALL
JEFFER
BERTHUNE

DEW-DROP-INN

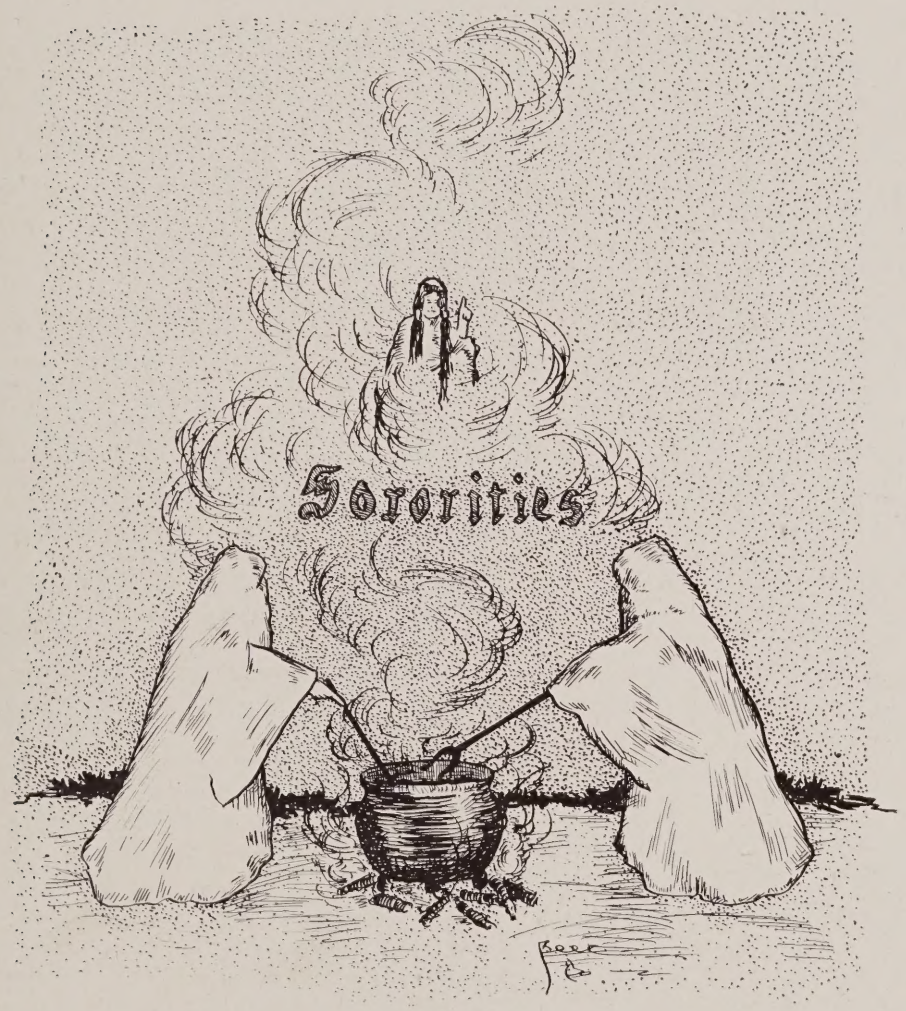
STICK

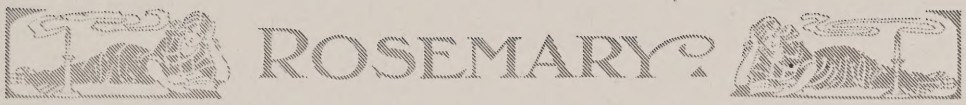


BROWN EYES

SWEET HEART

BEN HUR


Sororities


ROSEMARY

Kappa Alpha Delta

(Organized Sullins, 1911)

Members

Class of 1915

Louise Kolb . . . . . Alabama

Corinne Lamb . . . . . Mississippi

Lydie Williams . . . . . Mississippi

Grace Wolfe . . . . . Virginia

Class of 1916

Nan Jackson . . . . . Virginia

Peggy Pate . . . . . Mississippi

Sigma Omega Iota

(Organized Sullins, 1911)

Class of 1915

Len Privet . . . . . Alabama
Yetta Lee Sobotka . . . . . Alabama
Eloise Roberts . . . . . Alabama
Rose Nel Sawyer . . . . . Mississippi
Fannie Lois Yawn . . . . . Mississippi

Class of 1916

Elsie Puckett . . . . . Alabama
Hazel Curtis . . . . . Mississippi
Electra Dickson . . . . . Alabama

Class of 1917

Anabel Jenkins . . . . . Mississippi
Emily Moore . . . . . Mississippi

Kappa Kappa Kappa

(Established 1909)

Members

Dorothy Bell . . . . . Hernando, Miss.

Ola Blue Bethune . . . . . Bond, Miss.

Nora Burns . . . . . Lebanon, Va.

Florence Cole . . . . . Roanoke, Va.

Sophie Maurine Cottrell . . . . . West Point, Miss.

Adaleen Dixon . . . . . Houston, Texas

Virginia Godwin . . Fort Springs, W. Va.

Fanny James Hall . . Christiansburg, Va.

Sara Jeter . . . . . Dresden, Tenn.

Alice Mahoney . . . . . Itta Bena, Miss.

Violet Parsons . . . . . Summit, Miss.

Floyce Rule . . . . . Ruleville, Miss.

Charlie Taliaferro . . . . . Cleveland, Tenn.

Lula Taliaferro . . . . . Cleveland, Tenn.

Delta Pi Lambda

Colors: Pink and Green. *Flower:* Wild Rose.

Motto:

To love each other we do our best,
So where'er we meet we feast and jest.

MEMBERS	*Favorite Expression*
AGNES HALE Elk Creek, Va.	"Good grief"
HELEN LONG New Market, Tenn.	"Me fo you, were gone"
ETHEL BLUME Live Oak, Fla.	"Don't you know"
ELISE HAILE Live Oak, Fla.	"I want to go home"
IRENE BLUME Live Oak, Fla.	"You dump head"
MARY ETTA SMITH Koehler, New Mexico	"W-e-l-l, girls"
MAUDE REYNOLDS Brundridge, Ala.	"Sweetheart"
MARY VERNON PEERY Emmorton, Md.	"Darn it"

Sigma Epsilon Delta

Colors: Chocolate and Cream. *Occupation:* Writing business (?) letters.

Flower: Sonflower. *Drink:* "Toast."

Motto:

There are letters of accent, and letters of tone
But the first letter of all is to let 'im alone.

Members

Iris Finley . . . . . "Jim"

Louise Lee . . . . . "Tom"

Ethel Neal . . . . . "Rice"

Maybelle Redding . . . . . "Chic"

Mary Salter . . . . . "Sam"

ΣΕΔ

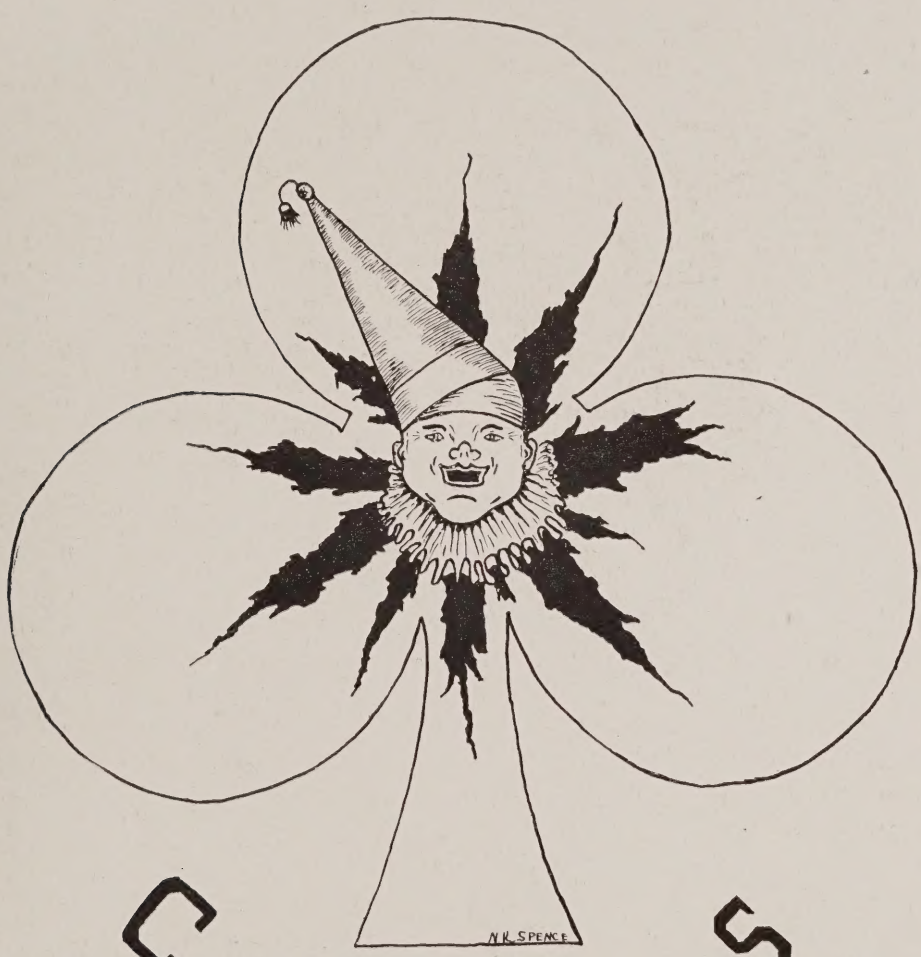
Alpha Sigma Epsilon

Colors: Green and White. *Flower:* Lily-of-the-Valley.

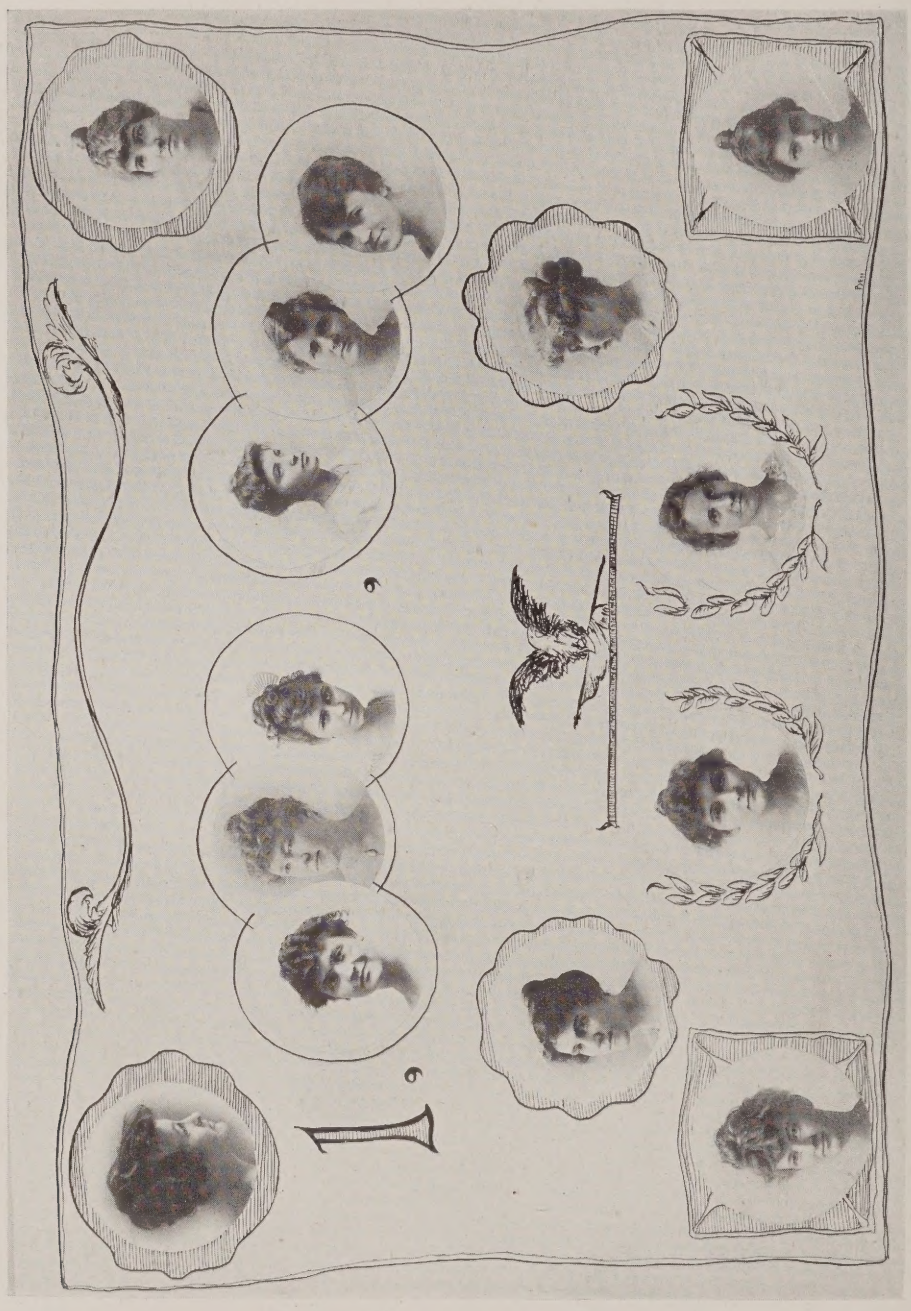
Byword: "Oh! I'm so tired!"

Motto: "Never let your studies interfere with your college work."

Members		*Hobby*
Mary Bones	"Bonsie"	Getting in Pickles
Helen Humphrey	"Beanpole"	Learning Slang
Alma Roberts	"Amy-Jill"	Eating
Nancy K. Spence	"Slim Jim"	Getting Burn(t)



CLUBS



Millionaire Row

Members	*Chief Wealth*
Electra Dickson	"Her wonderful Power"
Fannie Lois Yawn	"Bills"
Eloise Roberts	"Asa Hearts"
Miss Fillinger	"Optimism"
Peggy Pate	"Auntie"
Rose Nel Sawyer	"Wealth of Hair"
Anabel Jenkins	"Era"
Sara Jeter	"One Peck"
Guyrene Swaim	"Letters from Home"
Emily Moore	"Drafts"
Miss Steele	"Beautiful Eyes"
Hazel Curtis	"A Penny"
Agnes Hale	"Her Roommate"
Grace Wolfe	"Commonsense"

SLEEPY

"A pleasing hall of drowsy head it is
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

FROM the listless repose of this hall, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, this sequestered by-place of Sullins has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its "rustic" lasses are called the Sleepy Hollow girls throughout the school. In the remotest and *quietest* nook of this hall dwell two damsels who by their superior dignity and position oversee the rest and every night at the hour of ten tuck all the other little damsels into bed. These worthy ladies are Fraulein Fillinger and Fraulein

HOLLOW

Steele. Opposite the *quietest* nook dwells the damsel Evah Schoolfield, and in a "shady glen" near her Elsie Puckett, who is ever in quest of the "Headless Horseman," lives with her "roommate," Yetta Lee Sobotka. Across from the "shady glen" live Nancy Katherine Spence and Helen Humphrey, who, judging from the odor of "country ham" and fruit in their "farm-house," are destined to become veritable Dutch housewives, and next to these abides Bess Edmondson. Mary Bones and Alma "Van" Roberts live on the outskirts of the "village," and not far inland, near them, dwells Elizabeth Neff, whose "stronghold" debars all apparitions. The other inhabitants of this hall are Lyda Hale, Dorothy Fry and the Sleepy Hollow "Blumes," all of whom "are universally famed, not merely for their beauty, but their vast expectations." In remote ages Elise Haile lived in Sleepy Hollow, but she departed for a "richer" neighborhood.

HILARITY HALL

MEMBERS

DOROTHY BELL
OLA BETHUNE
TOTSIE COTTRELL
FLORENCE COLE
ADALEEN DIXON
VIRGINIA GODWIN
BESS HARKRADER
MARY DEIHL
MARGARET WARWICK
MYRTLE JENNINGS
LOUISE LEE
MARY MAGILL
ZELLA MADEN
FLOYCE RULE
AMY LEE STIMSON
MARY SALTER
INEZ STEVENS

HOP TOAD HALL

MEMEBRS

IRIS FINLEY
ETHEL NEAL
ZENITH KNIGHT
NELL TAYLOR
GLADYS CANTER
JULIA ELLIOT
MAYBELLE REDDING
MYRTLE MITCHELL
JENNIE HOLLIMAN
ZADA HOLLIMAN
JIMMIE HALL
ALICE MAHONEY
LORENA TATE
VIOLET PARSONS
MIRIAM THERMAN

STICK HALL

Sewing Club

MRS. TALIAFERRO . . . . . *Director*

MEMBERS

NORA BURNS

ELECTRA DICKSON

JULIA ELLIOT

VIRGINIA GODWIN

EMILY MOORE

LOUISE KOLB

FLOYCE RULE

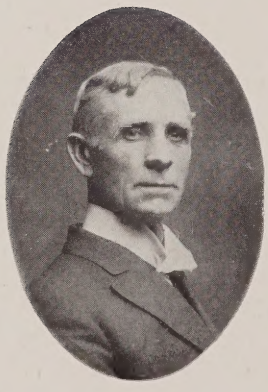
MARY SALTER

LYDIE WILLIAMS

Knobbers Club

OFFICERS

Elise Haile	*President*
Elsie Puckett	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Henrietta Pate	*First Executive*
Margaret Boggess	*Second Executive*
Helen Humphrey	*Third Executive*



Dr. Summers

Guide

Knobbers

Motto: "Servimus." *Colors:* The Variegated Forests.

Aspiration: Primum ad montes illinc ad stellas.

"The olives they were not blind to Him
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Members

Mary Bones
Margaret Boggess
Gladys Espy
Dorothy Fry
Helen Humphrey
Elise Haile
Lyda Hale
Margaret Warwick
Zada Holliman
Sara Jeter
Myrtle Jennings
Anabel Jenkins
Myrtle Ketron
Annie Porter
Henrietta Pate
Elsie Puckett
Alma Roberts
Amy Lee Stinson
Guyrene Swaim
Grace Wolfe
Yetta Lee Sabotka
Eva Schoolfield
Nell Taylor
Lorena Tate

Kitchen Kabinet

Flower: Kauliflower. *Password:* B^2 *Color:* Orange.

Motto: "Keep Kramming." *Special Dish:* Rink-tum-ditty.

Officers and Members

Emily Moore . . . . . *Chief Cook (?)*

Sara Jeter . . . . . *Chief Sampler*

Electra Dickson . . . . . *Boss*

Hazel Curtis . . . . . *Fryer*

Anabel Jenkins . . . . . *Waiter*

Rose Nel Sawyer . . . *Water-carrier*

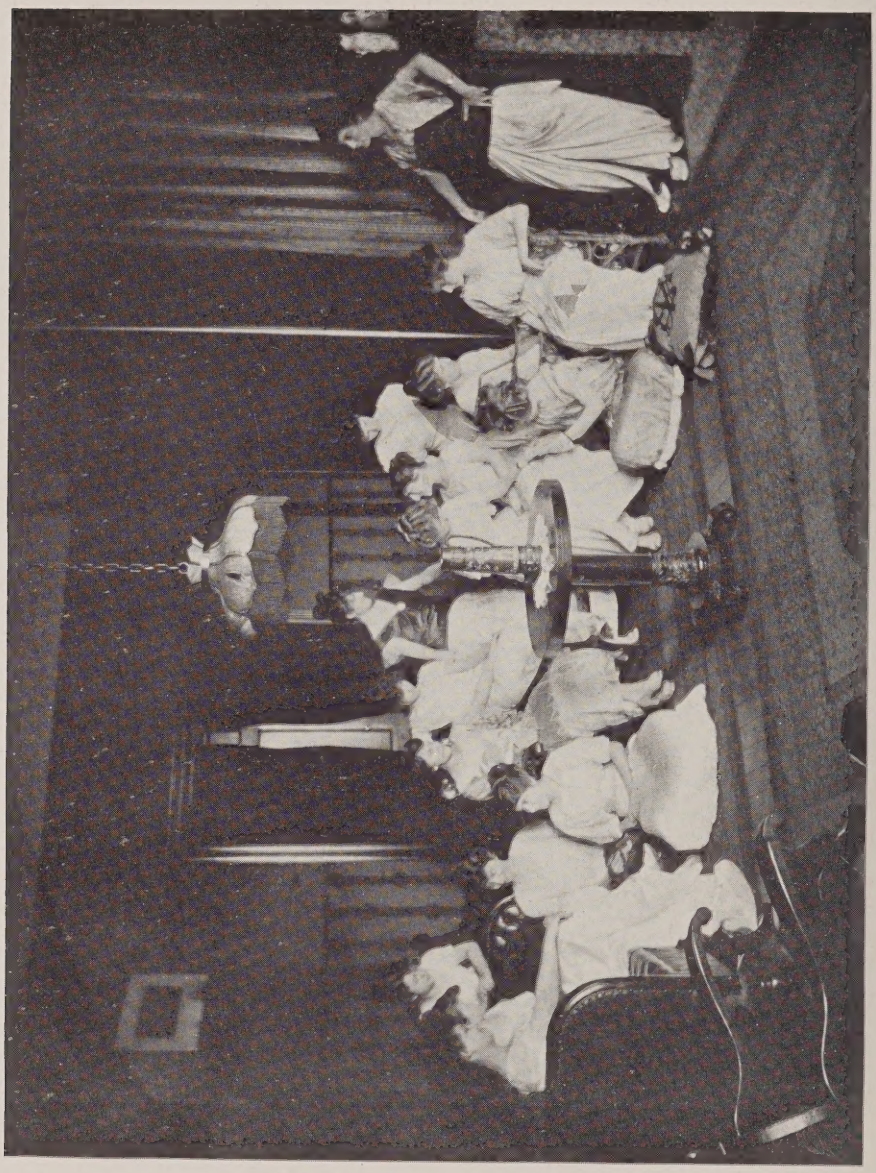
Guyrene Swaim . . . *Dishwasher*

"Danke"

Password: Who *would* put their password in print?—Aw—put down your cup and *Laugh!*

Cast of Characters

Elsie Puckett	Romeo
Peggy Pate	Peter
Fannie Lois Yawn	Juliet
Grace Wolfe	Bumble Bee
Eloise Roberts	Egyptian Dancer
Yetta Lee Sobotka	Flunkey



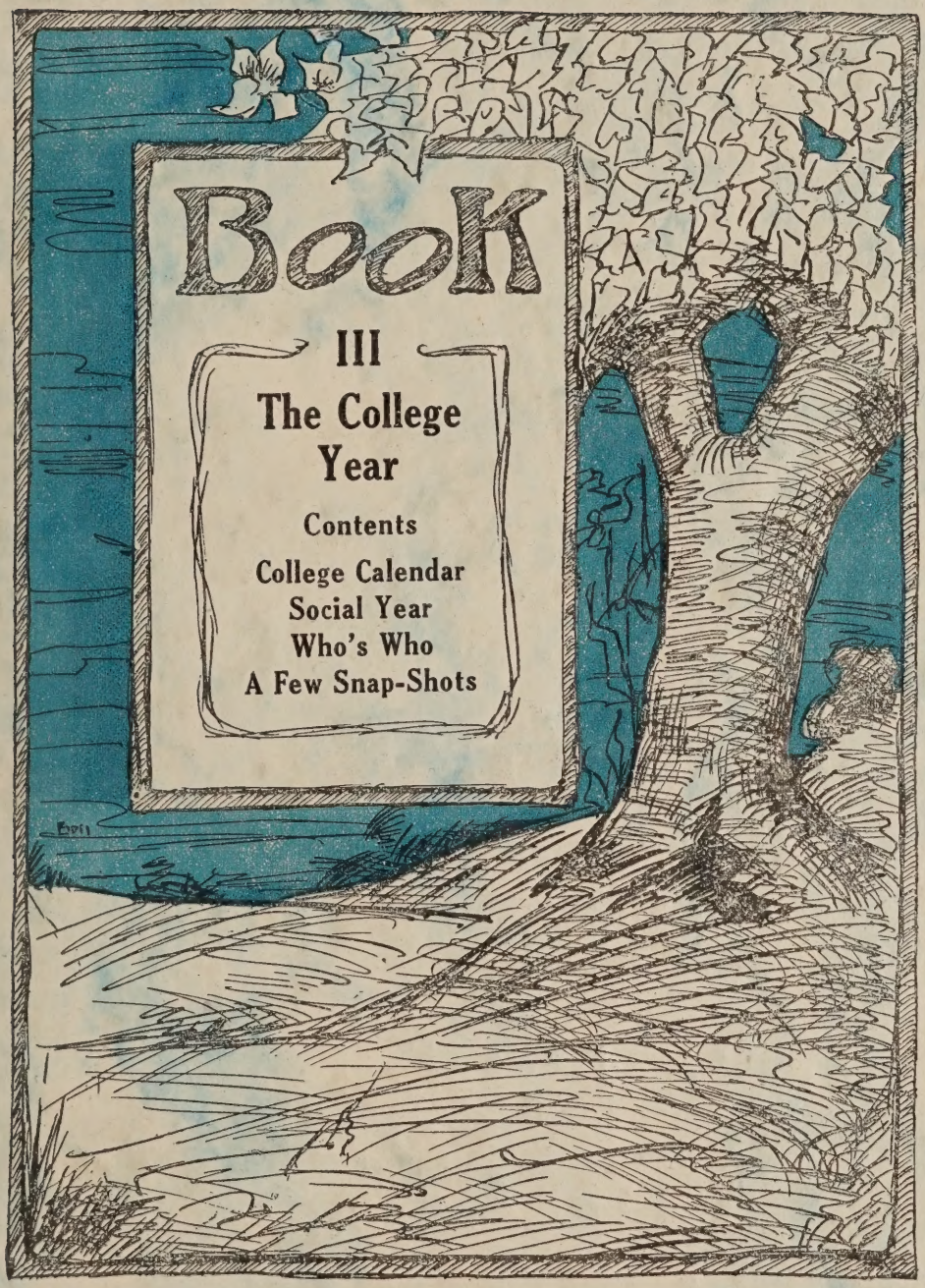
NATURAL DAUGHTERS OF REST

Natural Daughters of Rest

MEMBERS

ELOISE ROBERTS
GRACE WOLFE
TOTSIE COTTRELL
ADALEEN DIXON
LEN PRIVETT
DOROTHY BELL
CORINNE LAMB
FANNIE LOIS YAWN
YETTA LEE SOBOTKA
VIRGINIA GODWIN
NORA BURNS
LYD WILLIAMS
VIOLET PARSONS
LOUISE KOLB
ROSE NEL SAWYER

ROSEMARY?


Book
III
The College Year
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College Calendar
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Who's Who
A Few Snap-Shots

Calendar 1914-1915

Forty-fifth year of this institution will open Thursday, September 17, 1914

Thanksgiving Recess, Thursday, November 26

Christmas Holidays, December 18, 1914, to January 4, 1915

Second Term begins January 18, 1915

Class Night, Thursday, May 13

Art Exhibit and Reception, Friday afternoon, May 14

Evening with the School of Expression, Friday, May 14

Annual Concert, Saturday evening, May 15

Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday morning, May 16

Missionary Sermon, Sunday evening, May 16

Literary Address and Graduating Exercises, Monday morning, May 17

Social Letters

SEPTEMBER 19.

DEAREST GIRL: Speaking of "Blue Mondays," they haven't a thing on Thursdays here—especially last Thursday when we all got here—that is, arrived in the halls of Sullins. All the old girls mingled their tears with shouts of joy at reunion with old friends, but the poor little new girls could only weep, and weep they did.

One thing about Bristol *is* all right. We *do* get to see some good shows. Saw "Believe Me" the nineteenth, and "John Barleycorn" the twenty-first.

Of course, you remember how I like bananas, and aren't you glad I had enough for one time? I really did. Mr. Faidley gave us a "Banana Banquet" on the campus the other afternoon. Those bananas were so good, and, child, I have some of them in my trunk yet, saving them to relieve the tension of hash and beans a little later on.

The all-important event came off this morning when Miss Mooney gave us our permanent seats in study hall, with the doom of Lot's wife attached to us if we look either to the right or to the left.

Oh, dear! Walking bell is ringing, and I've only just begun. Never mind, I *will* tell you all of it next time. Bushels of love from

YOUR PAL.

OCTOBER—*the end.*

MY DEAR: The end of October! And I promised to write you every week! But anyway, from last year's experience you realize how time at Sullins sizzles. You keep asking what we are doing *extra*, and maybe I can tell you a few of the things we've done since the *other* letter.

We were given just a glimpse of dear old sunny Japan when the Clionians entertained us on the third, in honor of the new girls, and all of us dressed just as "Jappy" as possible, and just two days after this Mademoiselle took her French and German pupils for an outing to Virginia Park. My! the good things we had to eat! You remember Mademoiselle's good chicken, though, of course.

A few days later the founder of Sullins, Dr. David Sullins, the dearest old gentleman, gave us a talk, and he talked to us so sweetly during Chapel exercises, and when he had finished almost all the girls were crying, not only from pathos, but also from joy, for he is such a cheery person. He was here attending the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, and do you know this was the first time lots of the girls had ever attended a Conference?

The V. I. and Sullins girls gave a recital at the Y. M. C. A. on the nineteenth.

Don't be surprised when I say we went to the Columbia three whole times right straight along! We did. We went to "Romeo and Juliet" the twenty-fourth, and we were presented with tickets for a matinee on the twenty-sixth, and the twenty-eighth we

saw "Peg o' My Heart." We can never forget "Romeo and Juliet," and "Peg o' My Heart" stole a march on us and completely captured *our* hearts.

Hallowe'en! I could never tell you all about it, but here is the outline. The, rather *we*, Seniors gave a party in the gym., but before the teachers got through with *us*, *we* were almost "finished." Between "the devil," "ghosts," "the dummy," "fortune-tellers" and "The Fountain of Beauty" it is a wonder anybody retained her senses, 'cause these were such things as turn the hair white in a single night. Will tell you all about it next summer.

Don't forget I'll *try* to keep my promise after this.

Hurriedly,

YOUR CHUM.

NOVEMBER 30, 1915.

HOPE, DEAR: I calmly go by all such common (?) occurrences as midnight feasts, and other things of the same variety which have occurred this month (did you get my card about *the* feast?), and proceed to other things. The K. C. boys in behalf of their Annual were allowed to pocket the proceeds of a picture show down at the Columbia, and of course all Sullins went, and a few days afterwards we went to the Y. M. C. A. to hear the New York Artists—and they *are* Artists, *too*, you may well believe. We heard them last year, but nobody objected to hearing them again at all.

At last we have been to Natural Tunnel! We had to get up so early the day we went, but even if we were sleepy when we started we were waked up. We had a coach all to ourselves, and you know, of course, how we sang school songs and the yells we gave. I do wish you could have been with us, for the tunnel is far more wonderful than we who had never seen it had even dreamed it would be. I can't begin to describe it—and the pictures I am sending you of it do not begin to show its beauty, either. We rambled over the mountains near the tunnel all morning, and we surely did enjoy the good lunch Miss Nannie had sent along. Do you remember her doughnuts and chocolate cake?

Mr. Southwick read "Julius Cæsar" at V. I. on the 9th. We went. The Weather-wax Quartet was at the "Y" the 14th, and the 16th we went to the matinee of "The Winning of Barbara Worth." A few days later we had a lecture in the chapel by EEadvelee Krekar Hajop Basnijian of Armenia.

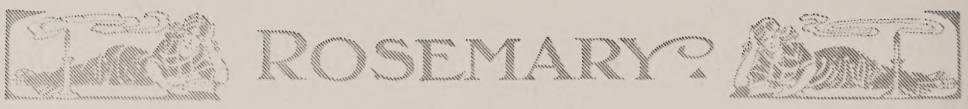
Thanksgiving! ! ! ! Breakfast at 8:30; basketball game at 10 (write to some *Junior* for information about *that*); dinner at 2:30, everything good to eat from turkey to *real* cream in our coffee; at 3 a football game between K. C. and T. M. I.; 8:30, Duggar Opera Company at Y. M. C. A. We had such a happy day. More anon.

Day before yesterday, I believe, the faculty gave a recital. Everybody, even the night watchman, enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

Thank you ever so much for the fudge.

Bushels of love,

YOUR PAL.



DECEMBER 29.

DEAR: I did get lonesome sometimes, I must confess, but after all Christmas at Sullins was almost as nice as Christmas at home. In my little notes I haven't even told you what we did, have I? Naturally the general reception which we had before any of the girls went away began the festivities. You know how we spent the morning of that reception day, of course, and how from three to six in the afternoon there was a rush on bathtubs; six to eight, a rush on artificial complexions, hair, beauty spots and superfluous airs, and, eight to ten, a rush on men. From ten-thirty to one A.M. we had various and sundry discussions of "what he said," "what I said" and all the rest of it. The next day you may imagine the raptures on "the boy I met" and how everyone slept through classes, and felt mistreated when asked a question, as if anyone could condescend to answer questions the day after a reception!

Everything went on in much the same old way, with the exception of the preparations for home-going, until the 19th, when most of the girls *went hither.* Most of the left-overs went to K. C. to a ball game after *they* had departed. It surely was lonesome here for a little while, but we soon got used to the aching void and laughed again.

The 21st, Miss Julia Simpson had all the teachers and pupils in the sitting room for a Sunday night chat. The next night Mr. Thomas took all the girls to the "Columbia" and after the show to *Bunting's.*

Tuesday, the 23rd, we had open house. *The boys called.*

I wrote you all the other extras, I think, and, of course, every day nearly we went to the movies, and one night we saw "When New York Was Dutch."

I have just received an invitation to Miss Fillinger's party for the second, and I must talk it over. Of course, we are going to have the most delightful time ever.

Well, good-bye, meine Liebe. YOUR PAL.

JANUARY 27.

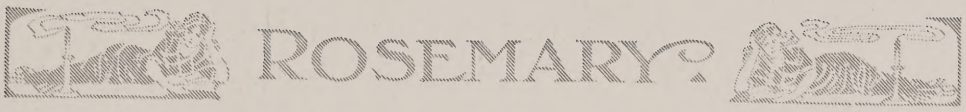
DEAR OLD GIRL: Anyway you know I *have tried* to write. Well, the girls all got back the sixth, and work began again.

EXAMS! We had 'em from the eleventh till the sixteenth, and were jubilant when we had folded up that last little paper. Yes, we were *some* glad.

We Seniors gave a little "motion play" in the chapel the twenty-third, and made quite a nice little sum for the class.

We saw Annette Kellermann as leading lady in "Neptune's Daughter" yesterday, and it was wonderful—a mixture of the fairy realm with the human. Three of the Seniors are to give "A Dilapidated Linen Concert" in a few days. Of course, it is going to be quite wonderful.

Please write soon to YOUR CHUM.



FEBRUARY 28.

DEAR PAL: We have worked *hard* since my last letter, and after all we did realize some money on "Nell of the Circus" at the Columbia; we went to the Columbia again the sixteenth to see "The Romancers," and the nineteenth we went to K. C. to a debate.

The Virginia Club, as usual, did a stunt the twenty-second. They gave us a most delightful little surprise party. When we went down to dinner we found everything decorated in red, white and blue. Just after everyone was seated in marched George and Martha Washington, followed by all the other Colonial members of the club. They all looked so pretty, and they sang very sweetly for us, too. During the meal different members of the club related certain facts about "their presidents." Delicious "extras" were served, and then we went into the upper hall for a social hour, and at eight-thirty Mr. Bodell's pupils gave us a recital.

Oh, there's walking bell again, and I must leave you.

Love, YOUR PAL.

MARCH 30.

DEAR HOPE: Well, the new month was ushered in by a visit to our school of a crowd of little girls with bobbed hair—but when we looked the second time we found that they were Sullins girls with hair bobbed. Poor Dr. Summers thought it was a shame to mutilate the hair in such a barbarous manner and wanted to know what we would do when it commenced to grow out. I wonder. That night just as we were about to be seated for dinner, whom should we see but Madamoiselle with hair bobbed and adorned with a big blue ribbon walk into the dining-room.

Saturday night, the thirteenth, we had a one-act play in chapel given by the Juniors in Expression, called "Miss Tomboy." Everyone enjoyed it very much and no one wanted to leave when it was over, so they had to come out and tell us there wasn't any more.

Thursday, the eighteenth, we went to the Columbia to a picture show and saw "When Broadway Was a Trail."

Again on Saturday night, the twentieth, several of the teachers invited their classes to the opening night of the American Theater, where we saw Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen," and I think everyone fell in love with Her Majesty.

Thursday, the twenty-fifth, we went to the Columbia to see "America."

And now it is only a short while until Commencement, and the recitals of the Seniors in the specials will soon begin, and then a little later exams and all will be over until another year—and so I'll see you soon. Lovingly, YOUR PAL.

Who's Who in Sullins

LONG years ago, even before the oldest teacher of our noble institution can remember, "Who's Who in Sullins" was one of the "essential assets" of the school, and *the* item of the annual. From year to year it has continued the same, but only at intervals retaining the "Who's Who" title; indeed more often it has been known as "The Hall of Fame," but this year the pendulum has swung back to the old "Who's Who, and Why."

LIVLIEST—Of course, who could be the livliest girl in Sullins but Parsons—our own Violet Parsons? Although "the shadows of greatness hang upon her," and she is *only* a graduate in the literary course and violin, yet her true wit and continual laughter are never "sombered" by hard work, or imaginary clouds.

TALLEST—Helen Humphrey undoubtedly towers far above her fellows—although, as the ballots show, Lyd Williams could by stretching a fraction of an inch or so, or vote or so, come up to her.

SHORTEST—Len Privett is again doomed to be "looked down upon." For three consecutive years she has been the "Sullins College Jeff."

MOST LOVABLE—In this race there were no less than twenty-five contestants, and by the official count it was discovered that of these, twenty-three are "lovable," Fannie Lois Yawn, "more lovable," and Totsie Cottrell "most lovable," and of the last two, as of all the rest, cannot we say:

"Thou wouldst be loved?
Then let thy heart,
From its *present* pathway part not."

MOST ATHLETIC—Sullins is fairly well supplied with girls of the athletic type, but there is only *one* Peggy Pate, and truly she holds the superlative, although "Little Espy" soars far beyond the positive degree.

MOST INFLUENTIAL—Totsie Cottrell's constancy of purpose and gentle ways won for her first place into the hearts of girls, but Virginia Godwin must have "imbibed" some of this influence, for she holds a close second.

MOST PHILOSOPHICAL—Pre-emininetly above all other contestants for this place stands Rose Nel Sawyer. Truly she reasons well, and often when we heard her "expatiate" in Bible class, we were almost led to believe she *had* studied the lesson.

ROSEMARY?

MOST BRILLIANT FUTURE—Nature and practice have endowed Adaleen Dixon with such wonderful expression and voice that it is no wonder she was called to respond to the voters as the girl with the promise of the most brilliant future; if the world at large greet her as we have already greeted her, and seen her greeted time after time, she is sure of it.

MOST ORIGINAL—Florence Cole, the very essence of originality! Nobody else had a shadow of a chance when she began to run the race, for you know her but ten minutes and you are thoroughly convinced that Sullins College does possess the "genuine original."

MOST STUDIOUS—"Miriam, hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?" It is almost a mystery how one can conceive of the fact that Miriam Thurman could leave her beloved books long enough to close her eyes in sleep—we are sure she wouldn't even go to meals unless she could speak "German" while there.

MOST REPRESENTATIVE—The school seemed to be unable to decide between Virginia Godwin and Yetta Lee Sobotka for this place. Since both are continually getting in the way of everything so much it can't be said which is "the more so." They are indeed "part of all they've met," but they "ain't met much"—even if they are on the Annual staff.

MOST ADAPTABLE—For lo, these two girls have adapted themselves to the hash and beans of the dining room, and the chilly atmosphere of "61," and yet they are thriving. They may be adaptable in many other things, as the ballots indicate, but since neither Dot Bell nor Yetla Sobotka could very well adapt herself to first honor, they tied.

MOST DOMESTIC—Myrtle Jennings claims first honor as the most domestic lady in our midst, although Anabel Jenkins is but a few steps behind her. The very mice do not dare molest the somniferous apartments of these two young dust chasers.

BEST ORGANIZER—She can organize anything from a company of tin cans on the ash heap to a dinner party at a certain table in the dining-room—and beyond. She, the capable Virginia Godwin, can even organize "trust companies," for she has been weighed in the balance and is not found wanting.

MOST STRIKING—Adaleen Dixon seems to have *struck* the student body as the one most capable of holding this place. Truly, the maiden of "Die Lorelei" could not help but demand at least a second thought of everyone she meets.

MOST OPTIMISTIC—And Parsons comes again—she is the optimist of all the optimists, and it is an old story that she never whines but smiles, even when she sits sedately in the lower front hall to "save her shopping days."

ROSEMARY?

MOST EXPRESSIVE—Sparkling wit, quick smiles, flashes of thought, giggles and spontaneity on the one side, balansed exactly deep seated wit, long thoughts, the eye with lurking mischief, and drollery on the other. Hazel Curtis and Iris Finley were chosen as our most expressive girls.

TEACHER'S DARLING—Totsie Cottrell, the inevitable. It was useless to take the time to vote. She is endowed with such a big heart and such winsome ways that she is not only the "most lovable" girl in the school, the teacher's darling, but everybody's darling, even to Harvard men—and grocerymen.

BEST ARTIST—Dorothy Bell received an overwhelming majority of votes for our best artist. Creative art demands the service of a mind and heart, and the walls of "61," if they talk, would certainly vouch for the fact that Dot has surely employed her hand and heart well.

MOST MUSICAL—"What passion cannot music raise and quell?" Eloise Roberts has certainly proved to us that music can do almost anything—even Chicago loses its charm when compared to *her music*. She can sing, too, and, in fact, there are absolutely no bounds to her music.

MOST WOMANLY—Evah Schoolfield, the quiet, unobtrusive little miss, receives first place of "most womanly."

"A certain soothing charm, a vital grace
That breathes of the eternal womanly."

MOST ACCOMMODATING—It was the most natural thing in the world for Lyda Hale to be chosen as the most accommodating girl we have—for everybody knows her as she is, and she can always find time for courtesy and for helping another.

MOST RESERVED—She came to us in the midst of exams., and getting that first, one great, awful impression of us is it strange that Inez Stephens is considered the "most reserved?" She is beginning (almost) however to change her opinion—now.

MOST LOYAL TO SULLINS—Miriam Thurman was chosen *It* and *It* she is. She is loyal, even after the moving of furniture in the wee, sma' hours, and she actually has a good word to say for all the fiction in the library. Perhaps the reason her loyalty outshines the loyalty of all others is that she has seen more of Sullins—in the mornings.

BEST WRITER—"By you the unborn shall have communion, of what we feel, and what doth us befall." Gladys Canter is a writer both by nature and by contact with the Junior English Class. After her many various and sundry cases of defense it is no small wonder she *writes* well.

ROSEMARY?

MOST DESPERATELY IN LOVE—She is in love with love—or him? Nora Burns has so spread abroad the depths of her vast love—and his (rather the florist's boy has) that all other love-sick creatures are absolutely buried in oblivion by her ardor. Even "Paul" and "Asa" are seldom ever heard any more.

MOST SENSIBLE—Sadie Deane Roberts received almost *a unanimous* vote for this place, and as there are so many sensible girls in school it is indeed a great honor to be considered the most sensible. Indeed, one can say of her, "she is rich in saving common sense."

MOST ENTHUSIASTIC—Virginia Godwin again comes into prominence. How one small schoolgirl could be wound up in so much energy and enthusiasm is a mystery yet to be solved at Sullins. Even the inevitable beef fails to be dry when savored with her enthusiasm.

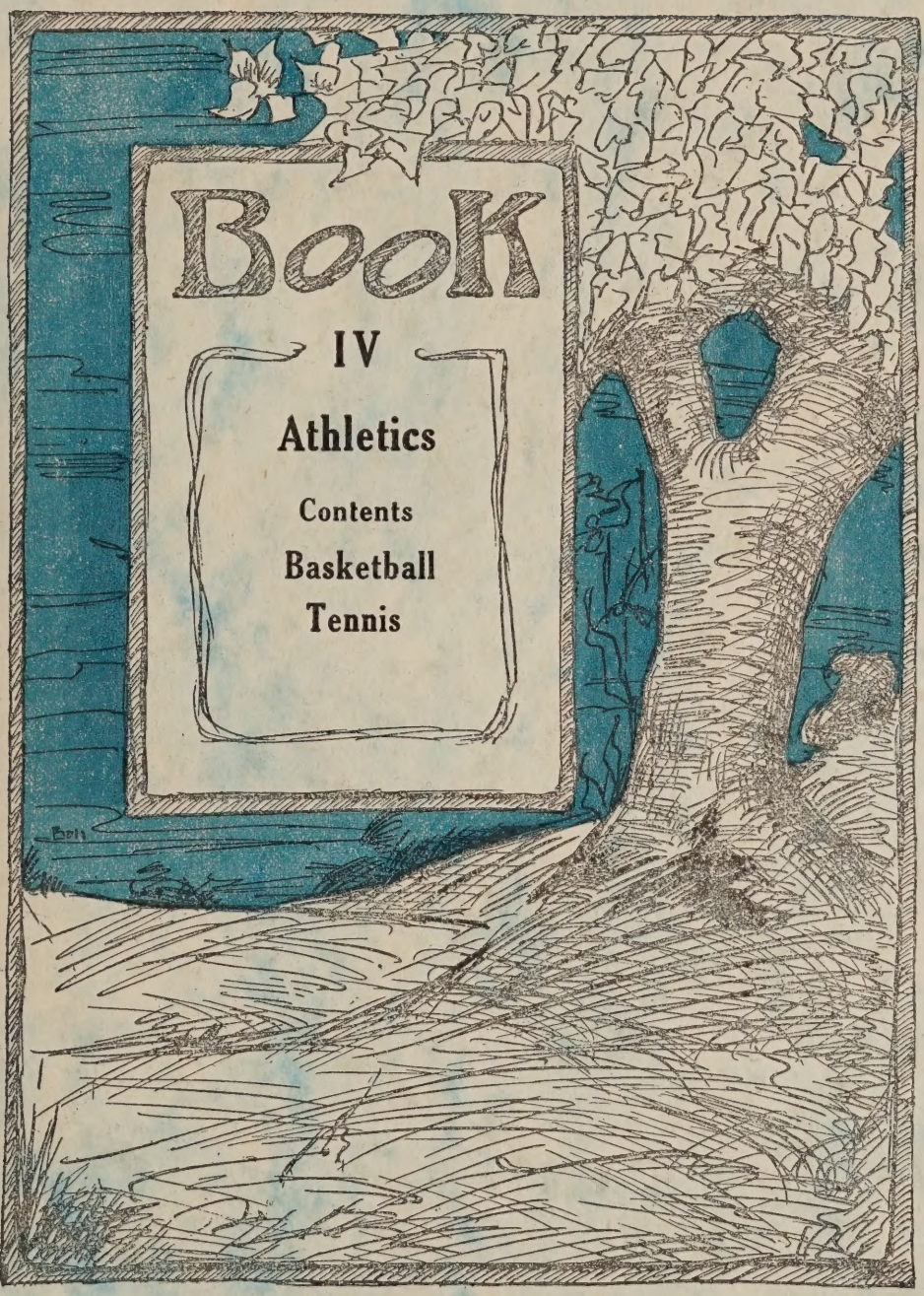
MOST AMBITIOUS—"On her front was written ambition, and in her history—what?" Yetta Lee Sobotka was dubbed by the voters the most ambitious girl in school, and if she is overrun by this besetting sin she surely must know it, for more than once she has been heard to say, "Cromwell, love not ambition; by that sin fell the angels."

NEATEST—Lula Taliaferro is the very essence of neatness, and nobody but Lula Taliaferro could have been chosen as the neatest girl in school. It is rumored that she actually gets up at seven-twenty in order to get each lock in place.

MOST GRACEFUL—

"Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass."

Charlie Taliaferro is so graceful that it is a pleasure even to see her "faint." Indeed, she is the "gracefullest" of all the graceful ones.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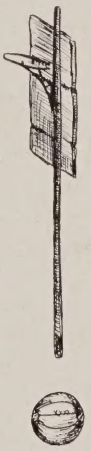
ATHELTICS

Juniors



Seniors

Basketball Club

Officers

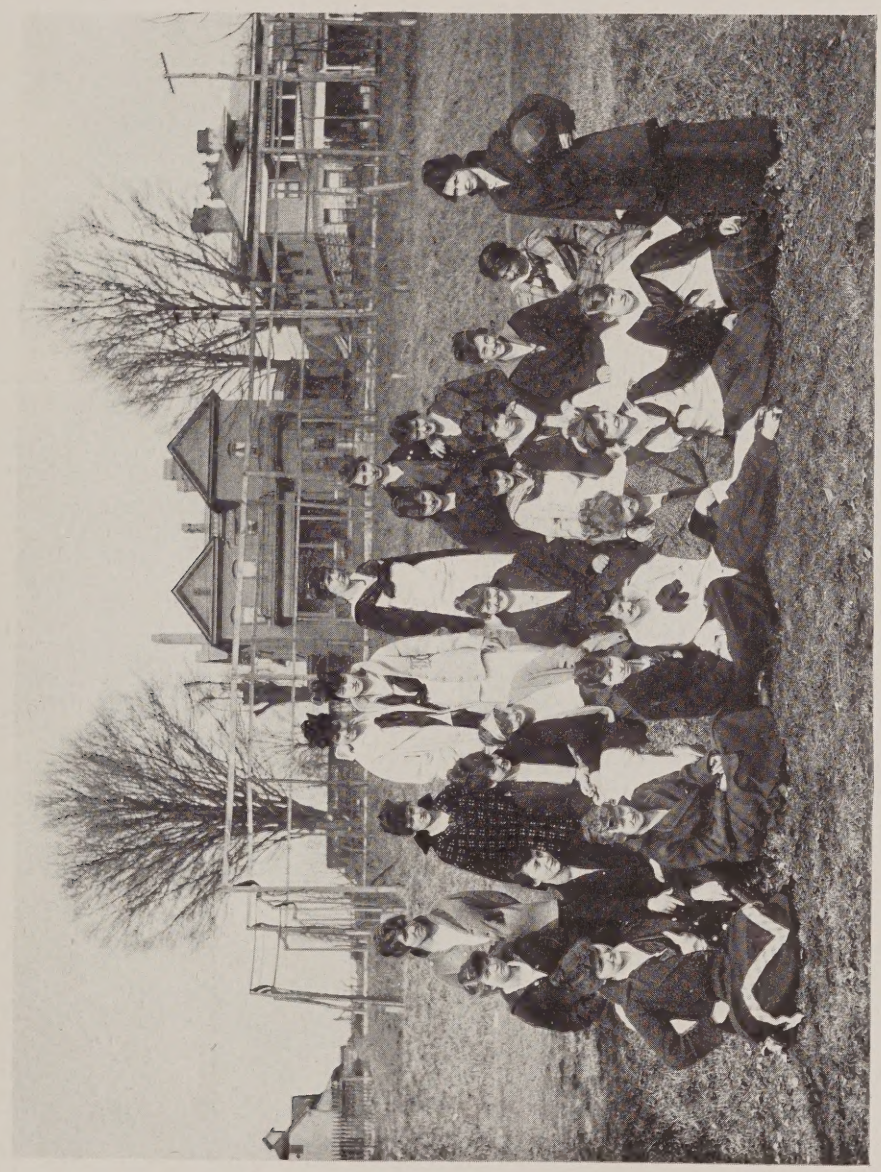
Eloise Roberts . . . . . *President*

Lyd Williams . . . . . *Secretary*

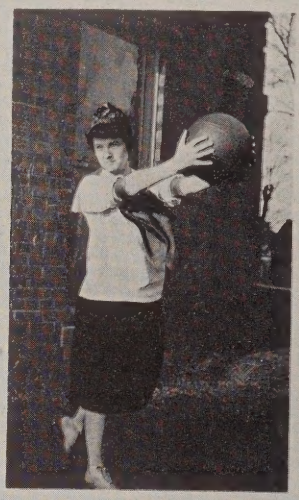
Grace Wolfe . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Mary Bones
Vircinia Day
Hazel Curtis
Gladys Canter
Myrtle Jennings
Annie Porter
Nancy Catherine Spence
Grace Wolfe
Lyd Williams
Zella Maden
Mary Magill
Emily Moore
Miss Blanche Espey
Zenith Knight
Corinne Lamb
Myrtle Ketron
Nell Taylor
Sarah Jeter
Lula Taliaferro
Elsie Puckett
Charlie Taliaferro
Myrtle Mitchell
Gladys Espy
Helen Long
Peggie Pate
Eloise Roberts
Miriam Robinson

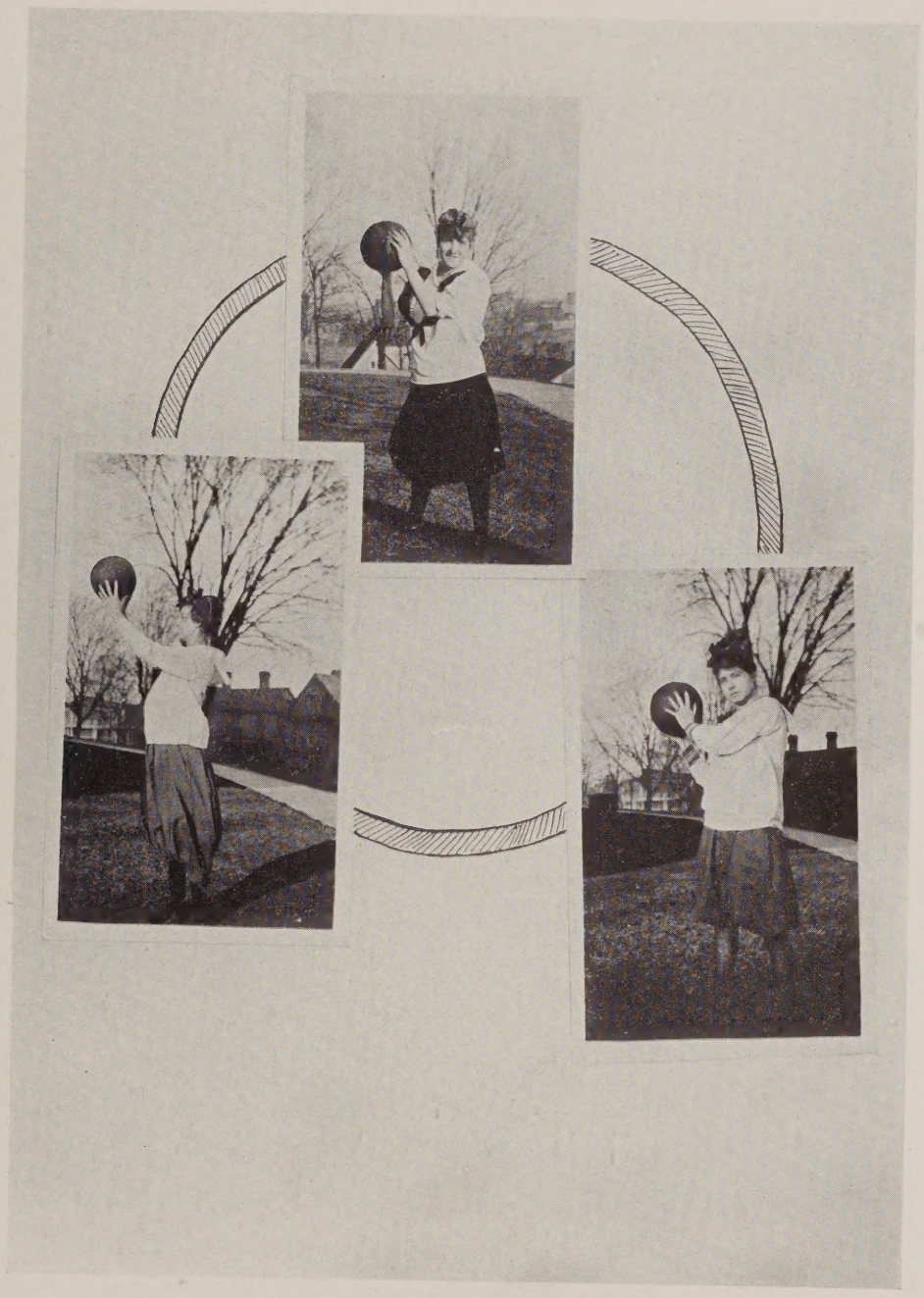


BASKETBALL CLUB



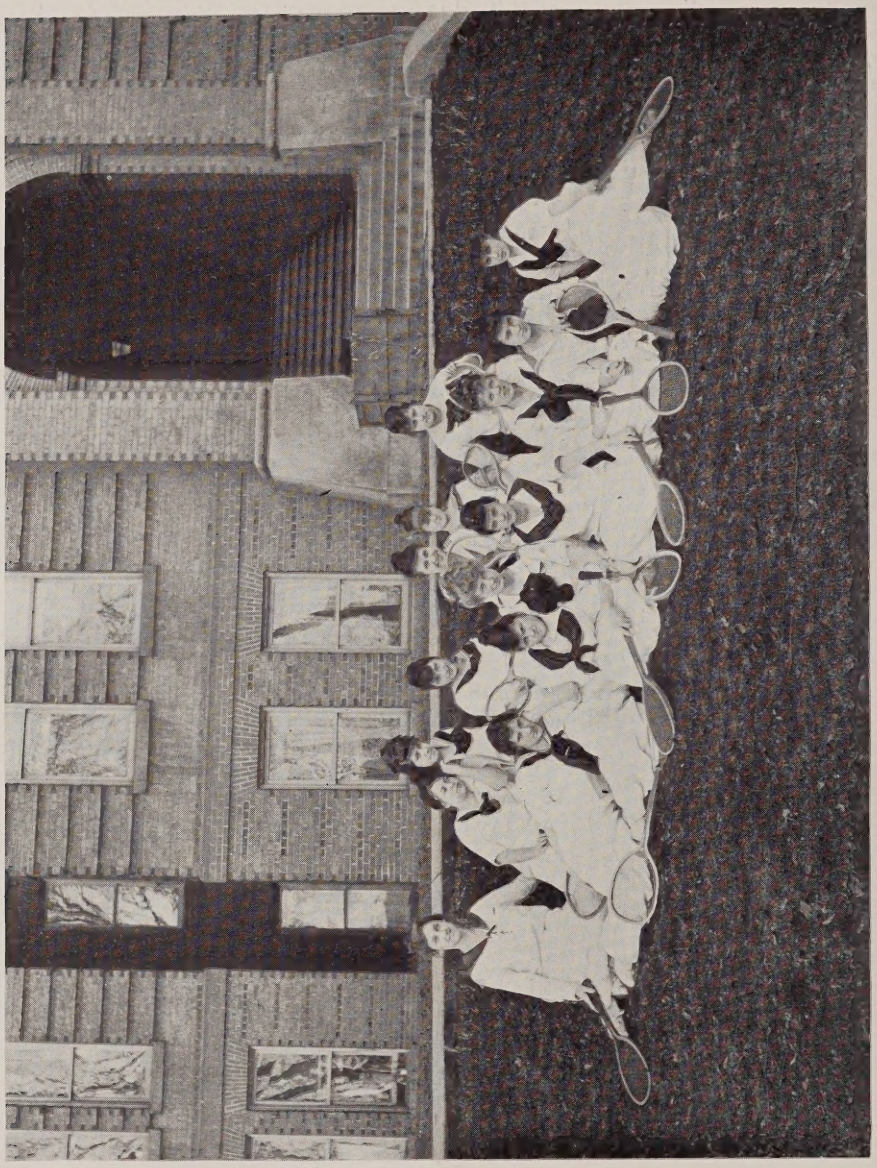
Senior Basketball

ROBERTS . . . *Center* WILLIAMS . . . *Guard* PUCKETT . . . *Center*



Senior Basketball

MAGILL . . . . *Goal* WOLFE . . . *Guard* LAMB . . . . *Goal*



SENIOR TENNIS

Senior Tennis Club

Motto: "Never fuss, but raise a racket."

OFFICERS

YETTA LEE SOBOTKA
DOROTHY BELL
MARY MAGILL
ELOISE ROBERTS
FANNIE LOIS YAWN
TOTSIE COTTRELL
HELEN LONG
VIOLET PARSONS
LOUISE KOLB
LYD WILLIAMS
VIRGINIA GODWIN
CORINNE LAMB
LEN PRIVET
ELSIE PUCKETT

Junior Basketball Club

PEGGY PATE . . . . . *Captain*

GLADYS ESPY . . . . . *Right Forward*

GLADYS CANTER . . . . . *Left Forward*

NANCY K. SPENCE . . . . . *Right Guard*

MARY BONES . . . . . *Left Guard*

PEGGY PATE . . . . . *Jumping Center*

HAZEL CURTIS . . . . . *Running Center*

MARIAN ROBINSON . . . . . *Substitute*

Junior Tennis Club

Mary Bones Lula Taliaferro Alma Roberts
Peggy Pate Hazel Curtis
Nancy Katherine Spence
Gladys Canter Helen Humphrey
Anabel Jenkins Gladys Espy

Athletic Association

Members

Ola Bethune
Lorena Tate
Mary Bones
Dorothy Bell
Ethel Blume
Irene Blume
Pansy Bradshaw
Bertha Bradshaw
Margaret Boggess
Margaret Brown
Nora Burus
Gladys Canter
Maurine Cottrell
Florence Cole
Electra Dickson
Virginia Day
Mary Diehl
Bess Edmundson
Gladys Espy
Dorothy Fry
Iris Finley
Blanche Garrett
Lyda Hale
Agnes Hale
Elise Haile
Helen Humphrey
Jennie Holliman
Zada Holliman
Fannie J. Hall
Suwanee Hedric
Sara Jeter
Margaret Umberger
Yetta Lee Sobotka
Helen Long
Anabel Jenkins
Myrtle Jennings
Corinne Lamb
Zella Maden
Louise Lee
Emily Moore
May Mustard
Len Privett
Alice Mahoney
Myrtle Mithchell
Elizabeth Neff
Ethel Newberry
Thelma O'Dom
Annie Porter
Elsie Puckett
Peggy Pate
Eloise Roberts
Alma Roberts
Sadie D. Roberts
Floyce Rule
Meriam Robinson
Nancy K. Spence
Ruth Stinson
Mary Smith
Mary Salter
Guyreme Swaim
Eva Schoolfield
Nell Taylor
Amy Lee Stinson
Miriam Thurman
Grace Wolfe
Margaret Warwick

College Yells

"RAZZLE-DAZZLE"

Razzle-dazzle, Sizzle, Sazzle!
Siss-boom-bah!
Sullins, Sullins, Rah, Rah, Rah!

"LOCOMOTIVE"

Leader—Everybody happy?
Answer—Well, yes.
Leader—Anybody disheartened?
Answer—Well, no.
Leader—Well, take that locomotive and take her slow.

All—U-Rah-rah—S. C. C.
U-Rah-rah—S. C. C.
U-Rah-rah—S. C. C.

"GAZZELLA"

Gazzella, gazzella, gazzella, gazzay,
Get out, get out, get out of the way.
Rebo, ribo, siss-boom-bah!
Sullins, Sullins, Rah! Rah! Rah!

"THE SERIES"

Sh————
Boom————
Hoie————
What's the matter with Sullins?
She's O. K.
Sullins, Sullins,
Ho! Ha! Hey!
Kres-si-goose! Quack! Quack!
Kres-si-goose! Quack! Quack!
Who wak? Who wak?
Crackerjack, Crackerjack,
Sullins, Sullins.

Sullins

From famous hills of Tennessee,
From Mississippi's burning strand,
From Virginia's vast dominion,
From Alabama's sunny land,
All eyes are turned in wonder
To behold old Sullins fair
She's built upon a high hill,
Dave Sullins nailed her there.

CHORUS:

Oh, wave, ye glorious red and gold,
And woo the borealice,
While Sullin's name drinks deep of fame
From every cot and palace.

Old Sullins flings her colors wide
And screams above the blast,
"Old Ignorance shall be conquered,
We've found the school at last."
All honor to the founders,
For there's enough to share,
Dave Sullins climbed the high hill
And built old Sullins there.

To dear Dave Sullins and trustees,
To Neighbors and to all,
Who built the college for the world,
True to old Learning's call
Be everlasting gratitude
The nations all behest
To W. S. Neighbors cry, "All hail!"
Of educators he's the best.

Praise Passes—To the Juniors

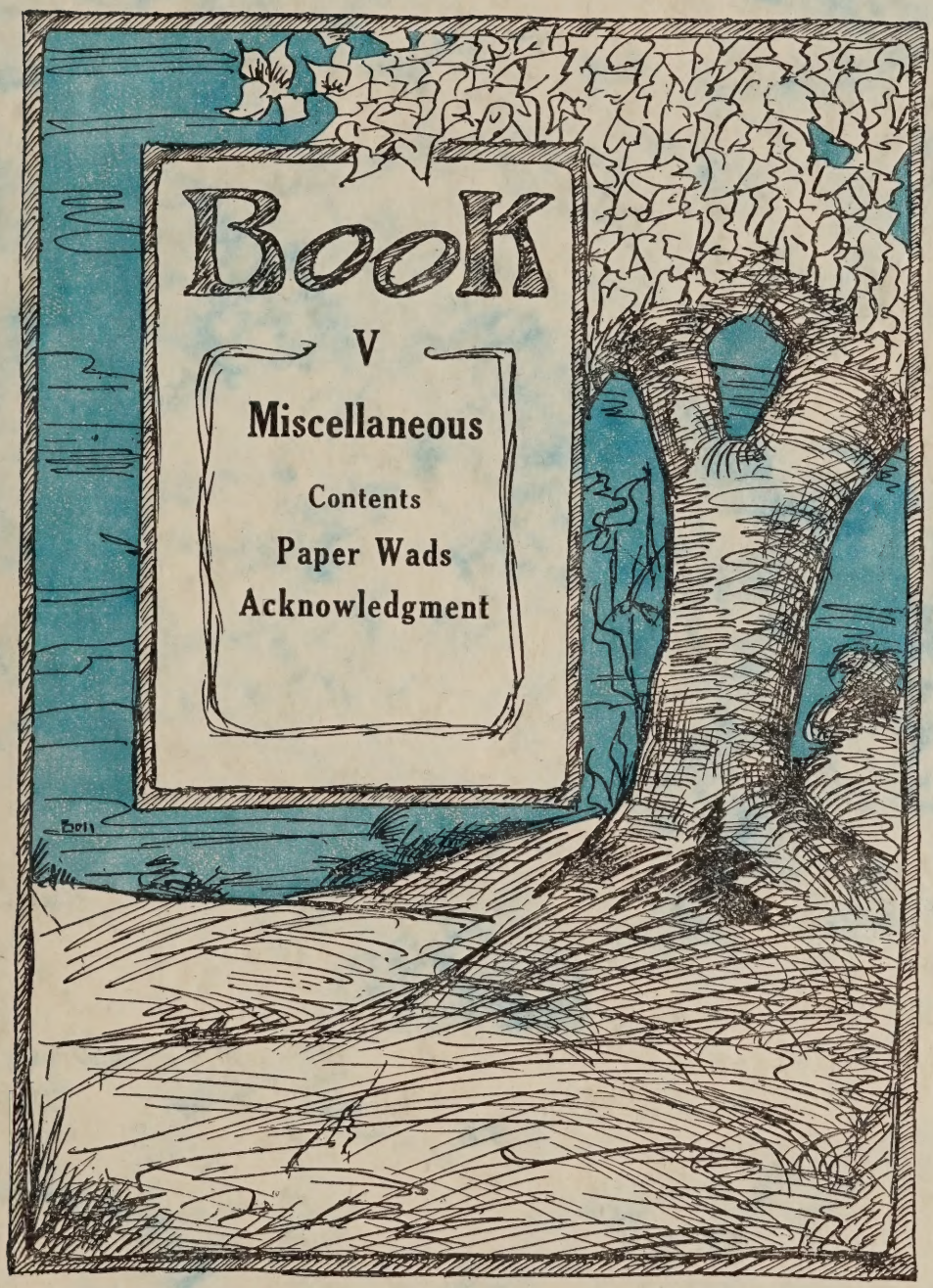
Day!
Thanksgiving Day!
O'er night's brim boiled day at last,
Boiled, pure gold o'er the night before,
Where Seniors gay had walked the halls,
For not a pennant had they 'ere this,
Not even a poster in the hall,
To contrast the Juniors' vast display;
So forth they walked, when the night was gray
Till the whole front hall was swathed in gold—
Gold, burning 'gainst its royal rest,
Flickered in bounds, outshone the Juniors' black and red.

O Day, we squandered not a mite of thee,
A mite of our twelve (?) hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances
(Were they grants thou wert bound to, or gifts above measure?),
One of thy choices, or one of thy *chances*
(Were they tasks we imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
Our Day, had we squandered thy work or thy leisure,
Had Juniors rejoiced not—Seniors, alas!
Thy long, gay, joyous hours swiftly flowing,
Whence Juniors got, we know, some pep and vim,
Thy fitful sunshine minutes, coming, going,
In which hope turned to somber mood.
All were then ours! But thou didst treat '15
As vanquished ones are treated, those who feel
As if they could never smile again.
In resignation (?) took we what thou gavest,
Not free to take that which the Juinors had—
For Day, Thanksgiving Day, thou ill used us
Who were *only* Seniors—13's sorrow,
Cast off last year, returned again with thee,
Whereas hadst thou been fair and let us borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for springtime sorrow

ROSEMARY?

All other faults of thine we might yet hide.
Belongs to Juniors now all show of fame;
They boast at every chance of exploits done,
Get more joy one way, if another less.
Thou wert our last good day to make a show,
To turn to victory what else were sad.
Sole hope to help us through the year,
Thou didst refuse! And left us desolate.
Thy morning sun did shine on
Haughty Juniors with a pleasing eye—
Not with disdain! All the while thy sun
Beat fiercely on the Senior warriors
The Juniors pressed the closer, made more goals,
Because of luck; how should they mind thee, Day?
For other days have Juniors all
O'er courts of ball, what cared a Junior
Save for her dear self? 'Twas *our last* day,
And while we tarried there against thy cruel fate,
Battling hard, within each breast there were
Regrets and blinding tears because of fate.
'Twas our last trial, forgot thou it?
O Day, did Seniors grieve?
Thy sun went down, and then we smiled,
For thou hadst shown, Day, after all,
We were content. The cheerful ones, happy
And safe, were so because of our defeat.

—*A Senior.*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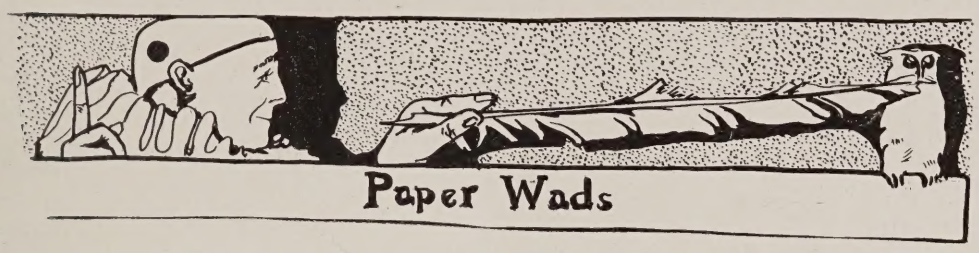


Paper Wads

"*What if* they're *old*,
And oft been told
Outside of Sullins lore?
We know they're not,
So'll hit the spot
And make you laugh some more."

* * * *

DR. *S.*—"You need not memorize this lesson, young ladies; but just learn it by heart."

* * * *

FLOYCE (seeking "The Sketch Book")—"I didn't know Washington Irving could draw."

* * * *

MISS S.—"Catherine, is this equation a pure quadratic?"
CATHERINE B.—"No'm; it's an impure quadratic."

* * * *

PEGGIE (watching girls pop corn)—"That corn looks good all right, but how do you get it off the little stick?"

* * * *

During Lent all the Episcopal girls are going to deny themselves of going to dances and to moving pictures.

* * * *

DR. N. (in chapel)—"Don't be alarmed. Miriam says we won't have war."

* * * *

SADIE DEAN—"Elizabeth, do you know who wrote 'Milton's Minor Poems'?"

* * * *

Julius Caesar—"I say, Marcus, that milk story they tell about you in upper Egypt will always go against you."

Marc Antony—"Oh, cut it out, Jule, cut it out! That milk story has gone around until it has turned into Limburger!"

HAZEL—"Emily, do you like grape-nuts?"
EMILY—"Yes, I just love them, but they are so hard to crack."

* * * *

ADALEEN—"Mr. Bodell is going to have a recital Monday night."
JIMMY—"I didn't know he could recite."

* * * *

Lost—A piece of cake, from Room 41, between 7 and 8 on Friday night. Finder rewarded.

* * * *

EMORY BOY (at the reception)—"Are you fond of art and music?"
LORENA—"Oh, passionately! I have put lots of those picture puzzles together, and I know nearly all the names of our Victrola records by heart."

* * * *

ROSE NEL.—"Was that light bell?"
ELECTRA—"Of course."
ROSE NEL.—"Oh, I thought it was Virginia May's rattler.

* * * *

ELOISE R.—"I had a letter from Asa saying he was sending me a box of candy under separate cover, but where is the candy?"
MISS LITTLE—"Child, it must have got cold in Alabama, and he needed the separate cover."

* * * *

CATASTROPHE

The whole school was thrown into disorder by a horrible *cat*astrophe which occurred at Sullins on Friday, January 29, 1915. This disturbance, accompanied by much grief, was caused by the secret and untimely death of one of our beloved and honored comrades, the cat. Our cat by chance wandered into the Latin room, where everything, even to the atmosphere, teemed with Caesar, Cicero, Virgil and Horace. The poor cat couldn't stand it, and so he wandered over to the radiator and there gave up the ghost and was gathered home to his fathers. Still we did not know of our cat's death. The first knowledge we had of this sad *cat*astrophe was at the "Dilapidated Linen Concert" given by the Seniors on Saturday evening. Things went from bad to worse. Monday night we had study hall in our rooms in respect to this great cat's memory. On Tuesday morning the burial took place, Hon. Jim, the waiter, being the sole pallbearer. This dear cat has been much talked of. Even now, once in a while, the breeze bears on its wings the memory of that beloved and pious one. GLADYS ESPY, F. L. S.

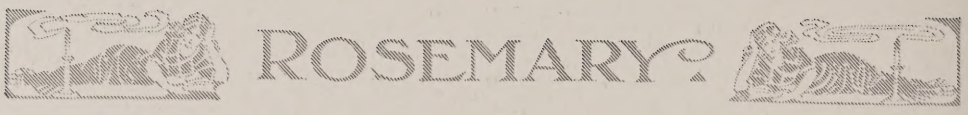
TO "NEW GIRLS!"

"Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed."
"You ask why this commotion? Why this beating of druggets?
Why this polishing of furniture? Why this tagging of bathtubs?
Know ye not that for the past week
We have eaten no "rinctum ditty";
We have religiously manicured our nails;
We have talked clothes, looked clothes,
Borrowed clothes, and bought clothes?
Lo, have you not heard a faint murmur
Up and down the halls of the coming reception,
To which the elite and debonair
Will be requested to come?
Now, this murmur has grown into a real fact;
Every nook and corner speaks of reception.
Ever beans and hash drop into oblivion,
And no longer have first place in table conversation.
The halls and parlors take on a festive air.
'Tis four o'clock.
Be not downhearted when your roseate dreams
Begin to take on a darker hue.
' 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange;
'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful—'
But alas! alack! the flowers!
'Then pat she comes like the catastrophe in the old country—'
Mrs. Wise, and wise she is indeed,
A dime bunch of sweet peas would smell as sweet
By any other name, so why
Worry over "American Beauties"—
Array yourself—put on what dignity you possess,
And all that you can borrow,
(Without Miss Mooney's knowledge);
The time has come.
'There is a tide in the affairs of men
That taken at the flood
Leads on to Fortune.' "

ELOISE ROBERTS, F. L. S.

* * * *

LYD W.—"Oh, Len, I'm just crazy to hear Cecile Waltz played *on* an orchestra."



If Nora Burns will Fannie Lois Yawn?

* * * *

Could somebody kindly inform Lyd Hale of the death of Richard II.?

* * * *

MISS MOONEY—"Virginia, with what kind of paper would you paper your bedroom?"

VIRGINIA—"Something you couldn't see after you close your eyes."

* * * *

ELOISE (writing a letter of application)—"How does this sound: 'I enclose testimonials'?"

LOIS—"You goose, don't you know testimonials only pertain to patent medicine?"

* * * *

TOTSIE—"Say, Mary Bones, when did Moses write the Bible?"

* * * *

MISS MOONEY—"Can anyone tell me where Rose Nel Sawyer is this hour?"
SOMEONE—"In the Chemistry Laboratory."
MISS MOONEY—"Does she practice in there this hour?"

* * * *

DR. N. (looking over the Jr. English class)—"Girls, do you recognize the absent ones? Make a list of them and hand them to Miss Mooney."

* * * *

DOT—"Do you know, 'It's a long way to Tipperary'?"
ALICE—"I don't care. I am not thinking about going."

* * * *

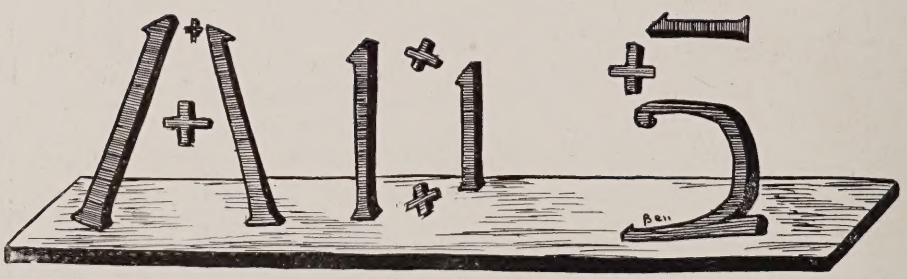
DR. N.—"In which direction does the sun rise?"
FLORENCE—"I don't know. Our room faces the East, so we never see it when it rises."

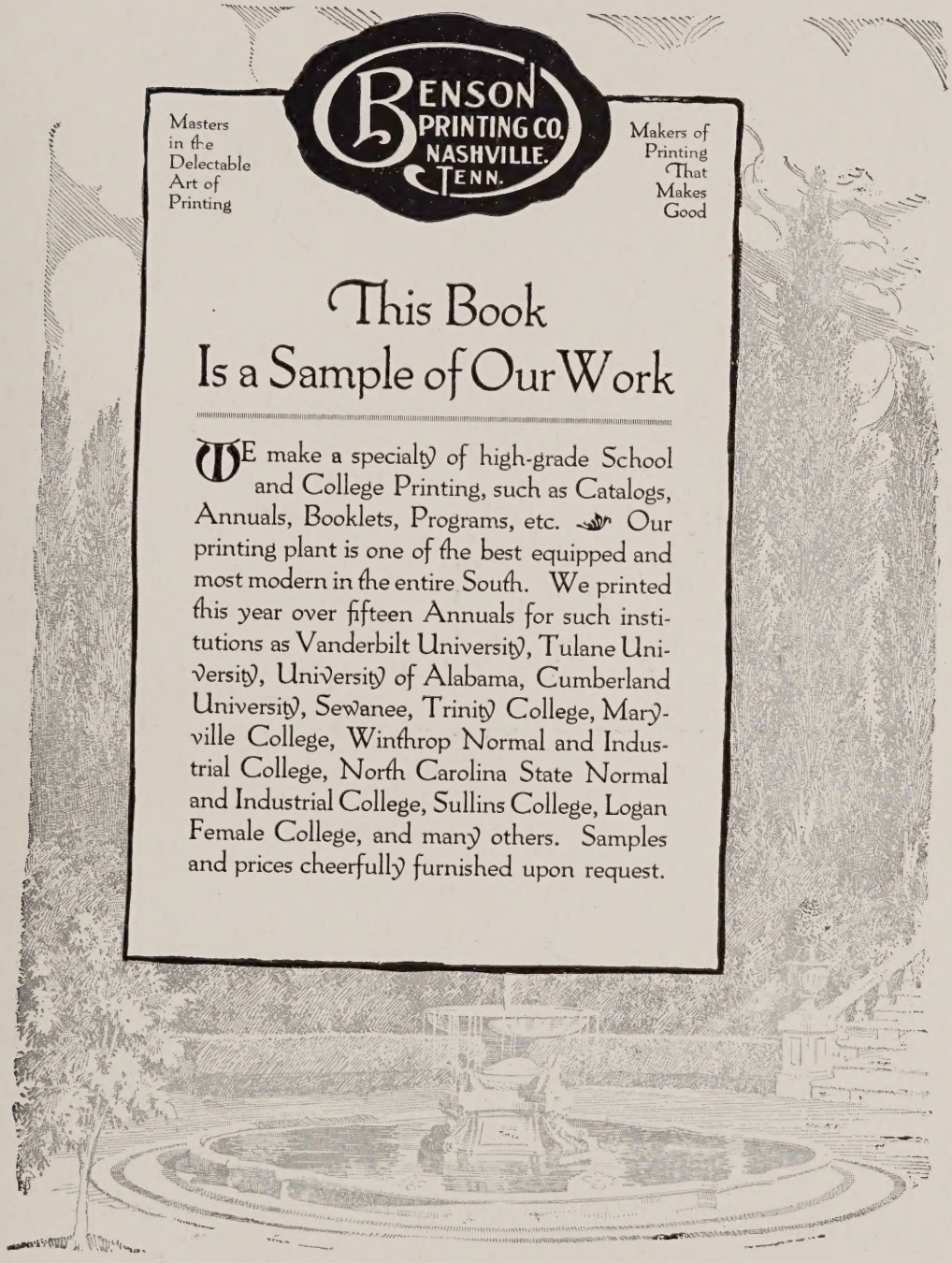
* * * *

"Suppose you're tired,
Have not admired
The paper wads you've read.
We must confess
We didn't stress
All funny things been said!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We have tried to give you a book worthy of our class, and in our effort we have imposed upon the generosity and good nature of several people. Our hearts turn in loving gratitude to Miss Mooney and Miss Fillinger, who have so patiently helped us, and who made our Annual possible. We also thank those who have borne the brunt of our inexperience—the publishers





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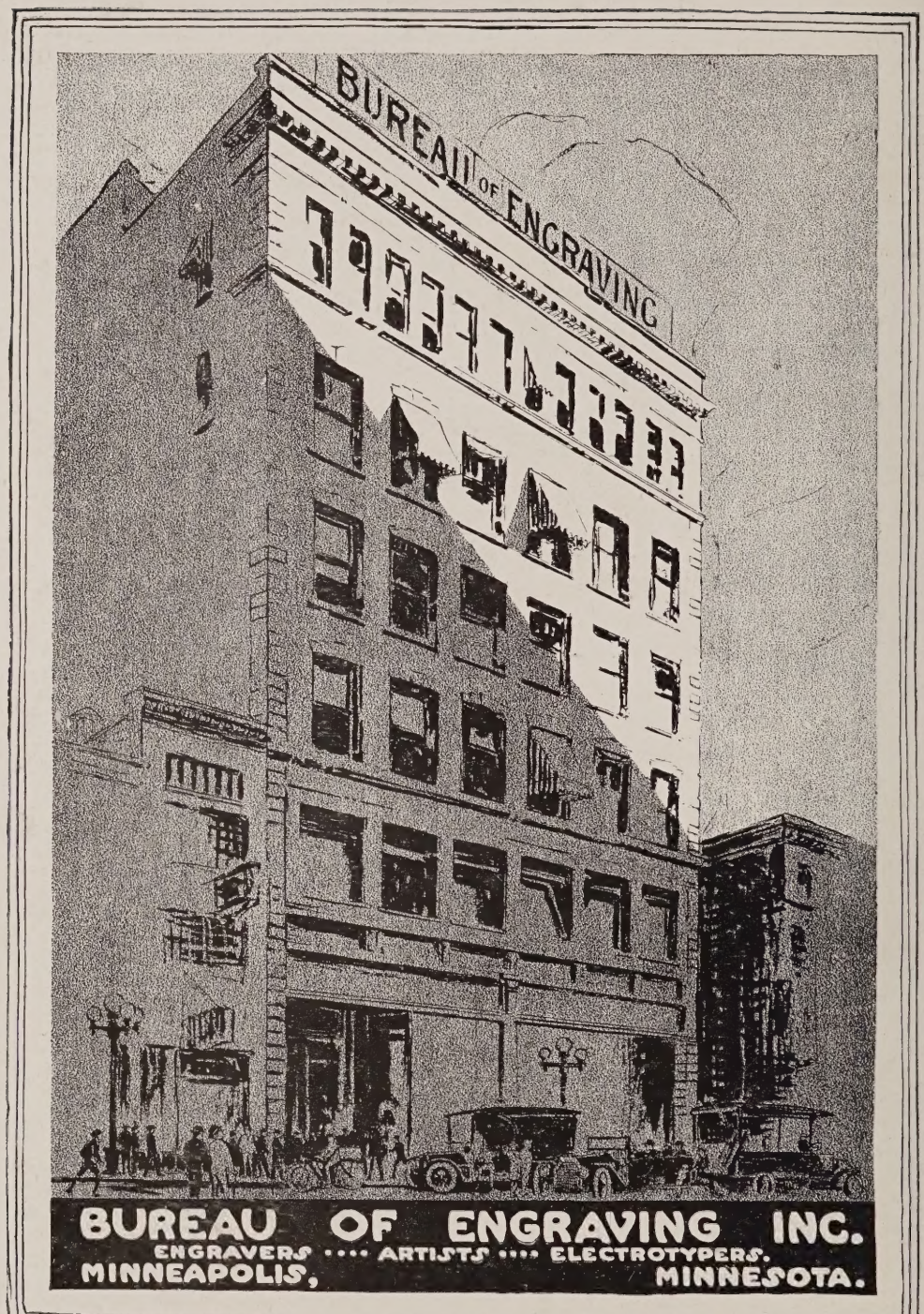
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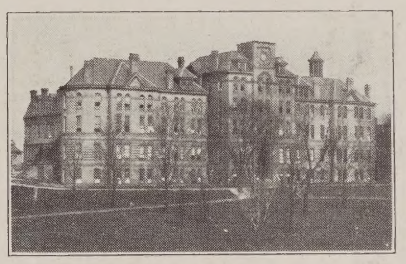

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